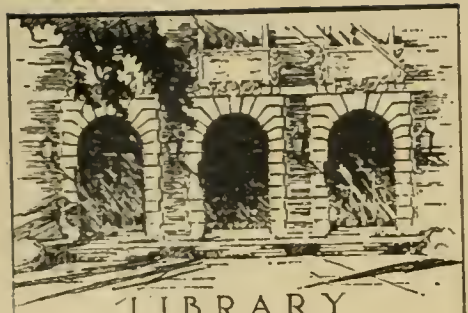
Lord Sefton



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By
Theodore Hook

THE

MAN OF SORROW.

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THE

MAN OF SORROW.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ALFRED ALLENDALE, ESQ.

Theodore Edward Hook

"He was a MAN OF SORROW, and acquainted with Grief."

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL TIPPER,

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DEDICATION.

TO THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN ENGLAND.

MY DEAR GIRL,

It is my misfortune not to be under obligations to any earthly being; no king in his bounty ever gave me a pension, no minister in his wisdom a place.

Doctor Johnson says, that gratitude is "a duty to benefactors, and a desire to return benefits," now having no benefactor, I own no duty, and never having received a benefit, I see not how I can return one.

Thus then it is, my sweet girl, that to you I dedicate the juvenile production of

a maiden muse, and this I do, without knowing who you are, where you live, or what your name.

The greatest lawyers, statesmen, or divines, claim our attention; but what are they all to such a being as you, what is a lawyer to a beautiful *law giver*, what the duties a statesman can impose, to the *duties* a girl can command, or what are the preachings of a *divine*, compared with the looks of a *divinity*?—nothing.

If then I say that I have spent the sweetest hours of a very short life, "among the lasses," to whom should I inscribe my book, but to one of those from whom I have received the purest delight, and the truest pleasure? *I* am convinced—and as I have a taste for beauty, I shall lay my book at the feet of the fairest of the fair—aye I will—let her be where she may—I think

I know where she is—but no matter—settle that business among yourselves—recollect there can be but ONE such—and to the PRETTIEST GIRL IN ENGLAND do I dedicate "THE MAN OF SORROW."

Accept it, therefore, sweet heart, and if you like it, recommend it to those you love, among which number, if you see it possible, pray reckon him

In whom you will always find

An humble slave,

A fearless champion, and

A warm admirer,

ALFRED ALLENDALE.

THE

MAN OF SORROW.

CHAPTER I.

It was on one of those evenings early in September, when the setting sun gives the most glowing tints to the horizon, and the curling smoke, rising among the variegated foliage, tells where the hospitable board is spread to cherish the hardy sons of labour, after their day's fatigue; the vapours were rising from the meadows in the vale, and the moon had just acquired strength enough to throw a silvery light over that part of the landscape which was shaded from the west, when Edward Mus-

grave first saw the beautiful Harriet Vincent, as she entered the gate, that opened from her mother's garden, to the road.

She was simply drest in white ; a straw hat, tied under her chin, with a pink ribband, was intended to confine her flowing hair ; but the silken chains of love scorning themselves to be enslaved wantoned over her snowy neck, and sported on her bosom like the evening dew upon the lilly.

Edward was on horseback at his father's door, waiting for admittance. Harriet turned her smiling countenance towards him, but their eyes meeting, she passed on as if without observing him, not a word nor a look did they exchange, no, not the simple sparkling of a maiden's eye in *her*, nor the bolder look of male impertinence in *him*, had laid the first foundation of acquaintance between them ; and yet there was a certain something in her manner, her countenance, and form, that struck him forcibly, and his heart told him

they must be better known to each other. Who is that young lady? said he to his servant, as he led in his horse towards the stable (at the same moment throwing the bridle over the animal's neck.) "Miss Vincent, sir," replied the man, "who lives next door."

Next door, murmured Edward, in a sort of half dissatisfied tone, as if reproaching himself for having been so long the near neighbour of such a girl without having before particularly observed her.

She is an angel! was his exclamation; and as his lips pronounced the final syllable, his hand turned the lock of the garden door; he entered the house; Miss Vincent was yet before him; he proceeded to the parlour, but still he could not get rid of Miss Vincent.

His father, good man! was sitting in a walnut-tree arm-chair, at the first fire he had kindled for the season, and by the glimmering of the coals Edward per-

ceived he had been weeping; they were the tears of recollection; he was a widower; for thirty years he *had been* a husband; where was now the partner of his pleasures and his griefs, his friend, his comforter? where was the form he had delighted to gaze upon, where the bosom that supported him when ill, the hand that ministered to him while in sickness, the voice that soothed him in adversity?

He could never feel their influence more; that hand was cold which he had loved to press, that voice was mute which he had loved to hear, that animated form was now a corpse, cold and lifeless; stretched in her coffin, the once angelic Louisa now was hidden from his sight for ever; worlds could not exact one look—empires, one word. The GOD who had inspired her with life, had in his judgment taken her to his bosom, and as she lived an angel upon EARTH, so had she risen to be one in HEAVEN.

Edward saw his father's countenance,

he saw the big tear standing in his eye, he did not *seem* to notice it, but it would have its way, and it rolled down a furrow in the old man's cheek, a welcome guest to ease his grief.

"Well, Edward," said he, in a voice of sorrow rather than of anger, "you are late from town this evening."

"I was delayed beyond my time," replied Edward; "nothing but business would have kept me from you so long, Sir."

Now whether our young hero should be taxed with a *want* of sensibility, or a *superabundance* of it, it is hard to determine, certain however it is, that since his accidental sight of Miss Vincent, she had dwelt so strongly upon his imagination, that he could find no thought for any other subject; and so natural is it for young men to communicate their sentiments, that Edward's heart beat for an opportunity to talk to his father about the fascinating girl, and

yet he wished to introduce the subject as if accidentally, because to raise a suspicion of the truth in his parent's mind was what he least of all desired.

The servant had brought in the tea equipage, and Edward's soul fluttered with every second that expired, till at length taking the poker in his right hand, and striking at a large coal placed on the summit of the grate, he commenced the wished-for topic, giving at every word he uttered a violent concussion to the coal, so as to divide the attention of his father between his question and the fire-place.

"Pray, sir, did you ever see Miss Vincent?" said he at last, (and as he finished the enquiry the coal fell to pieces.)

"Never," replied his father, "never, but you are spoiling the fire, give me the poker."

So thus this *ruse de guerre* of Edward succeeded completely; he had asked his

question, and had covered the attack so well that the answer had been returned exactly as he wished.

The conversation turned and lasted half an hour; to Edward they were the longest thirty minutes of his life; they *did* pass however, and at their expiration he stole out to the lawn at the back of the house which overlooked Miss Vincent's windows.

Natural enough, he had seen a beautiful girl *once* and he wished to see her *again*—no, not so, he knew there was hardly any chance of beholding her at so late an hour, it was not the expectation of an interview that led him to the lawn; it was a sort of sensation which my reader can define, a sort of desire to gaze upon the spot where she dwelt, to look upon the cottage she had ornamented, the woodbines she had planted. He stole softly down the side of the shrubbery next their garden, and as the evening breeze blew the fresh odour of

the climatis and honeysuckles from their arbours, he felt his heart palpitate, and his cheek flush with something like hope, a little resembling fear, and not very unlike sorrow; he looked over the pales between the ground, he could see the walks, the grass, the summer-house where she had so often sat *unnoticed* by him, and he murmured loudly at his own blindness in never having been attracted by her before.

He was returning to the house, when he saw a light in one of the casements of the Cottage: the sinking mariner when he catches a view of land could not have felt a pleasanter sensation; the light was borne by Harriet; there she was, unconscious of observation; he saw her plainly, it was her sleeping room he could pry into, he could behold the very couch her limbs so often had pressed, the pillow she had told her sorrows to, but the couch he admired was only a plain common tent-bedstead,

whose dome covered the sweetest girl he had ever seen.

Ye envied canopies of royal state! what are the monarchs ye wave over when compared with her we love! yield up your crimson fopperies and own yourselves all vanquished by the plain white curtain, that kept the morning light from Harriet Vincent's brighter eyes!

She drew from her bosom a *letter*: Edward's heart palpitated; a lover's epistle perhaps, girls seldom correspond but when Cupid is their writing master; a chill thrilled through his veins, he wished to draw her attention from the paper, but it was sacrilege to disturb Miss Vincent, something like the fear of doing wrong stopped him, and he remained silent.

She read the letter, twice, and as she closed it a tear fell from her eyes, she threw it down, and then fell into a reverie—leaning her pretty peach bloom cheek upon her left hand, with the fingers of her right she

twisted and untwisted a thousand times the curls that flowed upon her forehead; Edward could resist no longer, he coughed—she stirred not—again—she remained unmoved, the third noise roused her—she started up as if she recollected something, suddenly approached the casement, closed it, and drew the curtain.

Edward felt it a tacit reproach for intruding, and dissatisfied with himself, walked away.

Now gentle reader, all this occurred, as it naturally might, in a little village not far from London, it shall be nameless, and for that caution there are more reasons than one; suffice it therefore to say, it *was* a village whither Mr. Musgrave and his only son had retired on the death of Mrs. Musgrave, who was, in truth, a woman of superior genius, intelligent in her conversation, fascinating in her manners, and heavenly in her disposition.

She was buried in a church-yard in Berkshire. No marble monument to tell her

worth; no sculptor's art to celebrate her actions; her soul was with her GOD, and the remembrance of her earthly virtues dwelt in the hearts of all who ever knew her.

To educate and make her son the man he should be, had always been her study, and as the young tree that grows in the valley did she train her Edward the way she thought it fit that he should go; in return for all this care and assiduity, Edward adored her; never was a son so devoted to a parent; her death was a heavy blow to him, and Harriet Vincent was the first object that seemed to attract his attention from his mother's grave.

He never lost the recollection of that awful scene. The sable hearse, the drawing of the cords that lowered her to earth, the rattling dust thrown in upon her coffin, all were fresh upon his mind; her countenance was before him in his dreams, her figure with him wherever he went, every object he saw reminded him of his mother,

and nothing divided his thoughts till he saw this lovely girl.

He saw her modesty, (and in a young woman where is its equivalent?) and knowing even little of her as he did, he fancied he saw in her a being such as his mother must have been when his father first beheld her; he cherished the idea; his sorrows turned to hope: he longed for a female he could confide in. There is a charm in woman that soothes our cares and conquers our woes; such a charm to drown his melancholy, or at least to share it, Edward sought, and resolved to become acquainted with Harriet.

Poor Musgrave! misfortune has stamped you for her own; you are marked by fate for a "MAN OF SORROW."

From the evening on which he first saw this Venus of the village, little except herself occupied his mind; his habits, his manners were changed; town had no longer attractions for him; Bond-Street was a desert, Pall-Mall a wilderness, the loun-

ges were insipid, the pretty pastry cooks at Spring Gardens had no longer any charms, and the conversation of his acquaintance was the most tiresome thing upon earth.

To pass and repass before Harriet's window fifty times a day; to write sonnets in her praise; to listen to her harp and repeat the airs she sung; to sit and think of her, and to watch her in her walks with her mother; these were the employments that filled up his time, and reduced the scene of his actions to the boundaries of his father's house.

On the Sunday following his first *rencontré*, he heard a piece of news which gave him no little pleasure, as it promised to bring about circumstances which he anxiously desired, and which could not be effected in a better way.

The Earl of Rosemore, a well known statesman, honoured their little village with his residence; his fashionable countess lived there too; of the nobleman's character we shall speak hereafter; it is

only necessary here to observe, that his daughter, Lady Fanny, was on the Friday following to be united to the young Lord Belmont, and a grand fête was to celebrate the event.

The Musgraves were invited; so were the Vincents; here was the wished-for opportunity; here was the introduction he had sought so long, and so ardently desired; to sit, to speak, to *be* with her; it was an extacy! but when he recollected that even this happiness would be only the commencement of a long continued intercourse between the families, his heart beat to the thought, and the flush of triumph warmed his cheek.

The Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday came; the evening arrived; the next was to be the day—FRIDAY. His happiness was at hand, and he threw himself upon his bed, and fancied conversations that would take place between Harriet and himself.

Thus was he castle-building at a most

agreeable rate, when the rattling of carriage wheels announced an arrival; he ran to the window; an elegant travelling chariot drew up to the Vincents' door; a young man jumped from it, with a bear skin pelisse hanging on his right arm, and a brace of pistols in his left hand; he ran to the mother and daughter who were already on the lawn to receive him, and having saluted them in the most cordial manner, exclaimed:

"Well, ladies, you'll observe that I am punctual to the hour, though that little mischievous devil Harriet betted me six pair of gloves I should not come at all; you'll own, miss, I have won my wager."

Edward shuddered; here was an explanation. This was the lover he dreaded; this accounted for the letter he had seen; for the tears that he had witnessed, and for the agitations he had observed.

His very soul was wounded; he beheld a young man, evidently his superior in fortune and rank, cordially received; noticed

the manner in which he addressed the daughter, and observed the warmth with which he was accosted by the mother; he heard the perfect freedom with which he talked nonsense; saw the *maniere* with which he twisted up the fur of his travelling cloak, and the style in which he played with his pistols; all the tonish *nonchalance* which was so conspicuous in his manner served to convince Edward that he was the intended *husband* of Miss Vincent, and so *satisfied* was he of the fact, that he retired to rest in a complete state of *dissatisfaction*.

CHAP. II.

THOSE who are acquainted with the youthful mind, must know how sanguine young people are apt to be, and how unwilling they are to believe what they wish not to be true. Poor Edward Musgrave's sorrows began early, and in the first instance; for even in his choice of a friend, which he had in his mind selected Miss Vincent to be, he found himself anticipated.

We know very well what friendships between the opposite sexes are, and how far they may be carried; and it savours a little of the romantic in Mr. Edward, to fancy that he could stop at friendship with Miss Harriet Vincent; she was not the sort of girl to be acquainted with without loving; her beauty was exquisite, and her

manners accomplished to the highest degree; and yet she was without one particle of that general appendage to modern misses —affectation.

Edward had in view, at first, only the acquisition of a charming companion; this calm Platonic idea however gave place to a chain of others much more laudable in a young man as well as more natural—he felt he must adore her; and therefore when he saw Mr. Savage, the gentleman newly arrived, so very familiar, he felt a sort of sensation very like hatred towards him, which sensation encreased in the course of the night to utter detestation, so that when he rose in the morning and was proceeding down stairs to breakfast, the seeing Mr. Savage walking round Mrs. Vincent's shrubbery, with Harriet in close conversation, pressing her hand ardently to his breast, and acting the lover very violently, did not at all tend to put Mr. Edward Musgrave either into good spirits or good humour.

He felt but little pleasure in recollecting

that this was to be the day of his introduction to Harriet, a rival had already gained her heart, and nothing was left for him but sorrow and disappointment.

The hour at length arrived when they were expected at Lord Rosemore's; the carriage which the preceding evening had imported the beau into the village, now waited to convey the party to the Lodge—Edward watched it—the trio entered it—he saw it drive off—his eyes hung on the rattling wheels, for all he admired in the world was borne away upon them.

He received his father's summons to attend him with a mixture of pleasure and pain, he felt how charming it would be to live an evening in Harriet's society, but then he dreaded seeing her smiles lavished on his rival, while perhaps one kind look, that would exalt him to happiness, would be denied him. With these contending thoughts he took his father's arm, and proceeded to the scene of festivity.

Music, lights, and laughter's shouts, an-

nounced the party met; they were received on the portico by two servants, who ushered them into the Egyptian saloon, in which six thousand pounds had been spent upon crocodiles, sphinxes, camels, and mummies—and to say truth, any thing more ugly or more gawdy was never seen.

This was the first party our hero had entered since the death of his mother, and the continued blaze of light burst upon his eyes with such lustre, that he could not find Harriet any where among the crowd of belles.

They passed from the Egyptian saloon to a room hung with sky blue sattin, the furniture being entirely silver, and it was in a small apartment beyond, fitted up with pink, that Lady Rosemore received her guests.

Her ladyship was dressed superbly, and looked prodigious; a water barrel in the same paraphernalia would have possessed more symmetry, and the affectation of pomp, which she assumed on her lord's accession

to an office high in the government, made her ladyship the *ridicule*, as well as the contempt of the world.

Distinction, in a modern party, is what the guests neither expect nor desire. On the sopha sat a duchess in chat with an attorney; while his high flown sister was sharing another with an officer in the guards, who without more courage than conversation, had entered the service because the regimentals were becoming to his pretty face.

The Marquis of Avondale, with an extra sized star spread over his coat, was flirting in a corner with a young married woman, who by the sleepy affectation of her manner, did not appear to object to it, while her little husband was parading about the room with a fat Irishwoman, like a monkey with a dancing bear.

Here was a fellow who had got noticed by his scurrility, damning his coachman for breaking one of the pannels of *his carriage*, and a blustering black-leg, presuming on a

run of luck, was talking politics with a peer, while if his fortune frowned, even their vails would not be safe from his clutches in his servants pockets.

Here were greasy stock-brokers—old citizens, and new peers—knights of the last creation, and gentlemen of no creation at all—some men famous for joking—others known as good singers; some who had raised themselves into notice by jumping; one or two who had gained celebrity by shooting their friends in duels, and two or three, who, after having cheated their creditors, debauched their neighbours' wives, and swindled their tradesmen, were received with delight because they were really very "pleasant creatures."

Equality in nations is a system incompatible; and yet those whose interest it chiefly is to keep up distinctions appear most ardently to wish a revolution in the customs of society, by seeking companions where they should choose servants; and by patronizing those, whose actions deserve the

whipping post or the gallows, rather than the countenance and approbation of exalted characters.

Savage, the lover of Harriet Vincent, was a pet of Lady Rosemore's; his nonsense suited her capacity, and his servile obedience to *her* commands or those of any other antiquated piece of quality, delighted her, while it subjected him to the contempt of all ranks of society.

As the Musgraves passed he enquired of the hostess who they were?—She replied to the question by half shutting her eyes and shrugging up her shoulders, thereby indicating, *a-la-mode*, a sorry opinion of them, whispering at the same time that they were some people her dear queer lord had invited God knew why—for that for her part they were not on her list, and she believed they were *nobodies*. Her ladyship should have been more careful in her denunciations against respectability—*she* had not the mortification of being so uncelebrated; her great

misfortune was, that EVERY BODY *did know* her ; and she who talked so vauntingly of NOBODIES, had but a few years before been numbered among the vilest of the vile—the mighty Lady Rosemore *had been*——but no matter, she WAS, LADY ROSEMORE !

The Musgraves squeezed through the suit of rooms, till the old gentleman finding some acquaintance with whom he entered into conversation, the young one proceeded more freely in search of his fair Harriet.

At length, she struck upon his senses like the noon-day sun upon a renovating sight. She was sitting on a sopha by her mother, in a small India *boudoir*, where, at a table, a man of haut ton was practising the slight of hand tricks of *Breslaw*, which if report speaks truth, he had displayed rather too freely at *Brookes's*, and in consequence had been conducted to the door; this nobleman's feats were highly applauded, and Mrs. Vincent was watching the

operator closely; the old Sir Mammon Clare was standing at her side, with his red ribband flowing like a silken river across a meadow of white dimity waistcoat; his star glittering as his broad sides shook with laughter, at the comical changes the conjuring peer effected.

Savage was leaning on the back of the *chaise longue* where the ladies were seated, whispering soft nonsense to Harriet, and beating his pearly teeth with her ivory fan.

Edward gazed at her with delight; she was simply dressed in white muslin, with a close fitted body of the same coloured sattin; her figure, which was exquisite, appeared in this *costume* to the greatest advantage; for in a young woman, simplicity of dress is every thing. A combination of gaudy colors glaring on the sight, a *load* of ornaments, a suit of pearls or diamonds draw away the eye, and divert the attention from the beauties of nature, which shine,

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

Her cheek was flushed with the heat of the room, and probably with some of Savage's remarks, but she had not recourse to *rouge*. This paltry artifice in a girl is disgusting and ridiculous; the maiden blush of modesty beats all the gew gaw trash of paint, and pallid nature is a thousand times to be preferred to ruddy art.

Her hair was dressed with the greatest taste; it was of a fine light color, and among its gracefully falling curls, cupids seemed to sport by thousands, while in her sensible blue eyes, there was such a soft and exquisite expression, that it seemed as if heaven, when it had formed her all perfection, grew so enamoured of her, that it had marked her for its own.

Edward, irresistibly drawn to the centre of attraction, passed and repassed before the throne of his goddess, and every time he came in contact with her, her eyes followed his footsteps, till at one instant their looks meeting, the blood flew into her

cheek, and she blushed like crimson; Savage catching the glow—said—

"Pray do you know that dismal looking youth?"

"He is a neighbour of my mother's," said Harriet, "his name is Musgrave; he is in mourning, he seems as if he had lost—" ——"His heart," said Savage; "come come, miss—upon my honour, I shall suspect you." "Of what?"---said her mother, turning round; "Only flirtation, madam," replied Savage, which *perfectly satisfied* the *cautious* matron, who cared little for any thing but the union of this young man with her daughter; it was the very thing she had set her mind upon, it was the object of all her exertions, and how it was to be effected, she minded not, so that it *was* effected at all.

Edward was not such a novice in looks as not to notice the expression of Harriet's eyes as he passed, and he resolved to request Lord Rosemore to introduce him to

Mrs. Vincent. He set out for the room where he had just seen his noble host, and with a sort of palpitation at his heart, arising from the peculiarity of the request, and the exalted rank of the person he made it to; he implored his lordship to *chaperone* him to the *Boudoir*; the earl, all affability and good humour, after joking him on his discernment of beauty, took him by the hand, and led him to the *chaise longue*, where they were seated.

"Mrs. Vincent," said his lordship, "I have brought you a young friend of mine, and a neighbour of yours, to introduce to you." Mrs. Vincent rose, and with a chilling look, expressed the honour he did her, then throwing her sparkling eyes upon her daughter, to watch what kind of reception *she* would give him, re-seated herself, as if she conceived she had stepped from her dignity materially, to notice a young man, whose manners and attractions she *feared* more in regard to the effect they might

have upon her child, than she admired them from herself.

"Miss Vincent."—"Mr. Musgrave," were the words that brought their eyes for the second time in contact. A gentle fluttering seized both their hearts, and the blush of confusion mantled in their cheeks. Savage had turned upon his heel with an exclamation of "*My God!*" and walked off. Musgrave coolly seated himself in the place he had vacated, and quietly possessed the little bit of heaven he had thirsted for so long.

Conversation with Musgrave was generally at hand, and in a few minutes, the newly introduced couple were perfectly good friends; their ideas, when exchanged, agreed upon most subjects, their tastes assimilated, and their wishes travelled in the same sphere.

First impressions were favourable to both of them, for in a quarter of an hour's intercourse, Harriet thought she had never

seen a pleasanter *creature* than Edward Musgrave, who, in his turn, was convinced he had never been in the society of any thing half so fascinating as Harriet Vincent.

"Where is Mr. Savage?" said her mother; "I really don't know," replied the daughter, in a tone which indicated that she really did not *care*. "Come," rejoined her mamma, "then we will take a turn round the room; we may light upon some beau to escort us to the supper."

"You may command *me*, madam," said Edward. "You are very good, sir, I am sure," answered Mrs. Vincent, coldly—and with a "come come," to her daughter, she hurried her away, as if she feared Musgrave would have infected her, like the Upas of Java, with some pestilential disorder.

He remained motionless in his chair for some time; he watched the sylph-like form of his lovely companion with anxiety; will she, thought he to himself, turn to look after me?——no——yes——no!

——yes ! she did, she did—it was a fair challenge by cupid—and he accepted it.

Supper was just announced, and so eagerly did he press forward to gain his station near Harriet, that he broke the shins of a marquis, tore the train of a countess, and upset the chair of a prince of the blood;—but it was all excuseable—the marquis could not have been angry; the countess would have smiled forgiveness, and the prince granted him a free pardon, if they could have seen the charms he was pursuing.

Savage was with the Vincents, Harriet on his arm---he was seated between her mother and herself.—" Divide the ladies," resounded from the *haut pas* where the Countess Rosemore was seated; Edward caught the command, and, stepping over the form, placed himself next to Miss Vincent, on the lower side, and divided her from Miss Vain, the impertinent daughter of a rich upstart city merchant, who with more affectation than paint, more words

than hairs, and more conceit than her mother, *intended* to be thought a beauty, and piqued herself upon conquests from the titled don at the west end of the town, to the apron'd apprentice at the east.

Now did the little god play off his darts at Edward from those blue eyes he had admired so much; dangerous astronomy, watching such stars! mild as the spicy gales of the east, their radiance warmed his very soul; brilliancy bade his resolution die, and with the sparkle of triumph they unconsciously seemed to revel in the conquest. They spoke volumes to his heart.

She *was* a beautiful creature. Oh! if all women were Harriet Vincents, Heaven would hold out no temptations to man! Gay without levity, serious without dulness, elegant without affectation, and lovely without vanity, this child of ingenuousness completely subdued poor Edward Musgrave.

She was requested to sing; unassuming

and unaffected, without hesitation she complied, and breathed forth a song—OF LOVE.

Oh! such a song! and such a girl! She was alarmed, and her bosom palpitated with timidity as the sweet notes dropped from her lips like honey from a bed of coral.

Her mouth was the most exquisite bit of nature's cunning after all, and as the song proceeded, a wicked line ('Twas Moore's) lighted up her countenance into the full blaze of beauty.

This was the *coup de grace*,—and Signor the executioner of the holy inquisition himself, never gave a surer blow—Edward was her's FOR EVER.

Time flew—the party began to separate—the carriage was not ordered, Edward offered his arm to Harriet, and it was accepted, though to do her mother justice, she endeavoured to persuade him to bestow it upon her; our hero however was rather too much for the dame, and not

such a novice, as having once gained possession of the young lady, to surrender her easily even for a single moment.

Thus they proceeded homewards; Savage was introduced to Musgrave, and the recapitulation of the party, scandal of the women, anecdotes of the men, and remarks upon the different styles of dress, employed their tongues to the doors of their houses, where on parting, Edward with the most *modest assurance* gently pressed the hand he longed to make his own.

'Tis very strange what a pleasure the mere contraction of the fingers gives when they enclose the hand of a person we esteem—how is it to be accounted for?—not in theory—assuredly,—practice is the only elucidation, and, at all events, the *best* mode of proving facts of this sort, because it is universally allowed to be the pleasantest.—

And with this gentle squeeze they parted for the night.

CHAP. III.

From the evening of this party, when their acquaintance commenced, till the middle of November, many were the hours which Musgrave and Harriet passed together. Savage, the day after the fête, set off for Liecestershire, and Mrs. Vincent, naturally fond of society, indulged herself perpetually in the company of Edward, without reflecting what would be the natural consequence of so unreserved a communication between two persons of similar ages, tastes, and dispositions.

This was the happiest period of Musgrave's life—in the society of a girl, so amiable, and so beautiful, he acquired the balm for all the sorrows his mother's death had involved him in; with this lovely creature the days seemed minutes; her modesty, her filial virtues, her disposition,

her accomplishments, all endeared her to him, and imperceptibly, without the AFFECTATION OF LOVE, rendered her so completely part of himself that he was wretched without her; on the other hand, an intimate acquaintance, with *his* good qualities, an esteem for his talents, and an assimilation of taste, had rendered Edward not less agreeable to Harriet: the force of habit had become a second nature, and nature herself seemed wounded, if accident kept them apart more than the customary time of separation.

Mr. Savage was too much of the modern man of fashion to waste the precious time in writing, which might be so much more profitably spent in hunting and shooting; he never took the trouble of corresponding with Mrs. Vincent, or her daughter, except in short notes to request their acceptance of game, which he had honoured, so far as "*to give the barrel to*," his exquisitely elegant term for having brought down his bird.

Of this rival, perhaps it is necessary to say a word or two; his figure, though *petite*, was not ill made; his appearance had somewhat in it of the *Bon Ton*, his complexion resembled that of a sickly South American, a brown yellow tint was the substitute for a blush, and his languishing half closed green eyes, which were constantly fixed upon Harriet, certainly resembled rather the orbs destined to illuminate the head of a cat, than those designed to embellish the face of a man.

This was one of the gentlemen Edward never ventured to enquire after; but he perpetually heard Mrs. Vincent hinting, that "Mr. Savage thought Harriet an angel, that he always spoke in raptures of her singing—her dancing—her playing," so that he looked upon his very name as a bug-bear to terrify him.

About the commencement of November, the much dreaded man of mode arrived a second time in the village, and Edward felt all the horrors of jealousy, that sort of

jealousy, arising from fear, without which there is no love; he saw the girl he adored more than life, always in the society of a man he detested, he saw Savage's eyes, green as they were, sparkling with triumph, and beheld him affecting to be more intimate with Harriet than he *really* was, merely to shew his consequence in the family, and create unpleasant sensations in the breast of his rival, which he began to suspect Edward to be.

Musgrave and Savage perpetually clashed in their meetings, but the beau lover had taken up his abode at the inn of the village, and his head-quarters being fixed in a situation so closely approximating to the citadel, it appeared as if he was resolved not to withdraw his forces till the garrison surrendered.

In this posture affairs remained for a week or two, till at length the day Edward had so long dreaded arrived, things were brought to a conclusion; Mr. Savage made the offer of his hand to Harriet—Mus-

grave by chance happened not to call in the morning—the beau lover was closetted in the house, Harriet guessed the business, and her surmises were all substantiated by her mother's entering the room, and disclosing the matter to her thus.

With an affected good nature, taking her daughter's hand, she began her attack, by saying how devoted she was to her child's welfare, that *her* happiness was the sole object of her life, and that in what she was then going to propose, by her endeavours to effect it, she should materially affect her own comforts, by depriving herself of the society of her darling girl.

"The truth is my dear," said she, "that Mr. Savage, pleased by an intimate knowledge of your good conduct and behaviour, in addition to whatever share of beauty and accomplishments you possess, has just now commissioned me to make an offer of his hand and heart to you; you will recollect, my dear," added she, "as far as pecuniary matters go, this union is peculiarly

advantageous; his father is a man of large fortune, and he is besides a relation of Lady Rosemore's, so that an introduction to the most elegant society will be secured for you; as to himself, his manners and person are such, that any woman may be happy in marriage with him."

Thus the kind parent proceeded, pointing out advantages, and descanting on his prodigious merits, till having gone ten times through the whole vocabulary of his good qualities, she desired her daughter's answer, simply saying, "I shall say, love, that you will accept him, then," in a tone which implied the certainty that she would answer in the affirmative.

Now Harriet had a general character (and a justly drawn one too) for timidity and gentleness; these qualities in a woman are exquisite ones, but if the timidity and calmness which we admire so much in *common* life, rule through their greater actions in the world, we shall find the gentle unassuming female, generally

made the dupe of her own amiable disposition.

It was not so with Miss Vincent, she *could* rise boldly into action, where reason dictated, and propriety authorised her doing so; and surely if a woman be a free agent, no time is so fitted for the exertion of her energies, as *that* moment her decision in which makes her happy or miserable for life.

Boldly collecting all her fortitude, her answer to her mother's question, whether she would accept him, was firm, laconic and expressive—"NEVER," was the simple reply—*verbum sat.*

The parent did not receive this resolve with the *beautiful* philosophy she had so often preached, but, bursting into something very like passion, exclaimed in a voice of thunder:

"Never?---not accept Mr. Savage!---why what do you mean, has he not legs and arms, and a head, and every thing that a man should have? and what in the devil's

name do you want ; has he not a fortune, is he not cousin to a countess, can't he keep you a carriage, can't he introduce you every where, what is it you look for ? but I know what it is, you have some other attachment, you have, you jade, you have."

" Indeed I have not," replied Harriet, in a tone of as much firmness as she could command to utter a falsehood.

" Mighty well," exclaimed the mother, " and I am to reject Mr. Savage."

" I have said, madam," was Harriet's answer ; after hearing which, her mother, with a curse upon the tip of her delicate tongue, bounced out of the room to pronounce the sentence of the man she wished success to.

The little girl's susceptible heart fluttered most rapidly at the recollection of the firmness with which she had denied the arbitrary power of her mother, and throwing herself upon a sopha, she burst into tears.

She had now taken the step that marked

her partiality for Edward Musgrave, and had by the one decision ridded herself of the attentions she had been accustomed to receive from Savage. Her brow resumed its usual placidity, and the smile of contentment sat upon her countenance; her bosom recovered its tranquillity, and her limbs their steadiness long before the summon to dinner roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen.

During the meal little was said: Savage however was gone, and there was but little probability, after the repulse he had met with, that he should return. The repast was hurried over; and no sooner was the cloth removed, and the servant retired, than Mrs. Vincent started the old topic, arraigned her child for imprudence, wondered what girls meant by forming opinions of their own, preached up *patience* in a *violent passion*, and *bullied* her daughter into a lesson of *temperance*.

So blind are mortals to their own follies and imperfections, and so forgetful of their

own misdeeds while expatiating on the oversight of others; the lawyer who in court pleads honesty, forgets how often he has taken fees from his adversary to quash evidence; the divine, who from the pulpit preaches *moderation*, ceases to remember the oppression with which he rules his parishioners; and the lady who was now arraigning her daughter's conduct, never recollected that twenty years before she had married young Harry Vincent, without sixpence in the world, in opposition to her parent's injunctions, *only* because she LOVED him.

This lecture however was rather unseasonably broken in upon, by the arrival of Edward Musgrave, who came to pay his devoirs.

"His custom always in the afternoon."

Reports fly quickly, and though the rejection of Savage had hardly taken place, Edward had heard of it; an old servant of Mrs. Vincent's, with whom he was a great favorite, had told him of it, and the

intelligence did not tend to lower his spirits —he imagined at all events that the coast was clear, and the evening passed off most hilariously.

The next morning brought with it however an event as little expected as desired. Edward called on his fair Harriet, and who in the name of ugliness should he behold, but Mr. Savage, seated with the most perfect composure; this somewhat startled him, because as the young lady had expressed her dislike of him in her rejection, he wondered at his meanness in condescending to cringe to the hand that had spurned him, not knowing that it was a settled plan between the beau and the mother, that no notice should be taken of the offer he had made, but that he should be allowed the society of her daughter as usual, in hopes that he might, by assiduity and attention, overcome her dislike for him.

Odd as this appearance was to Edward, he felt *he* could have no right to speak upon the subject; the cottage was Mrs.

Vincent's, and she had a right to do in her own house, whatever she chose, without appeal.

Thus the days passed on till the latter end of the month, when Mr. Savage left the village for Yorkshire, whither he was sent for express, to attend his father, who was dying; and though Edward could hardly hope to gain the lovely girl while her mother was so hostile, yet he felt a sort of satisfaction in seeing the mahogany man of fashion packed up in his travelling carriage to quit *that* place, where, had he never been, peace and comfort might still have reigned.

Now that Mr. Savage has taken his departure, as it is the first opportunity that has occurred, it will be as well to inform the reader of a few circumstances respecting the Vincents, of whom as yet little has been said.

CHAP. IV.

After all that has been related on the subject of Mrs. Vincent's ideas of a proper husband for her daughter, it may perhaps be imagined that she was descended from a stock of kings or peers, whose blood a little adulterated, still boiling in her veins, inspired her with a desire of ennobling her family, only to raise it to its original splendor.

But no,—the gay, elegant and assuming Mrs. Vincent, was the daughter of a Manchester merchant, resident in the vicinity of Cheapside; where, in a smoky atmosphere, and in a drawing room decorated with little prints, hung up in all the gloom of London filth, she had spent the first

seven years of her life, without an idea beyond a walk to Islington, a tour over Blackfriars-bridge, or a sunday journey to Kensington-gardens.

The little Miss Mumford—(that was her name) early lost her mother, and was placed by her father at a school at Hackney, where she remained till the bloom of fifteen glowed on her cheek, and her swelling figure proclaimed the age of womanhood at hand.

At this period, an acquaintance of her father's, grown rich in trade, who sported a house at the west end of the town, invited her to spend the vacation, and so pleased was Miss Mumford with the clear air, and genteel company of Brook-street, that she made up her mind very shortly, not to return to the city.

At her friend's house, among other company, she saw young *Harry Vincent*, who, without sixpence in the world, except an Ensign's commission in the guards, displayed his figure to the best advantage, while

pursuing his military duty in the purlieus of Pall Mall, and St. James's-street.

Captivated by a little flattery, and dazzled by the lace on his coat, she adored him; they mutually opened their hearts to each other, and the officer applied to the citizen for consent to their union, which he *refused*. Miss Mumford laughed at her father, and mustering all the money she was able, the young couple eloped, and on their return, had the full force of paternal malediction bestowed upon them. *Old Manchester* was resolute; he disposed of his business, retired to Highgate, and declared he never would see his daughter again.

In the mean time the finances of the young couple were not the most splendid, and to encrease their embarrassments, though to bless their loves, the little Harriet made her appearance in the world. An event succeeded by her father's being ordered to the Continent, on an expedition, from which he never returned.

Miss Mumford, (now Mrs. Vincent) felt all the stings of poverty coming upon her, and by the intercession of a friend, the little Harriet, when about a twelvemonth old, was taken to her grandfather's villa; here her silent eloquence gained the old man's heart, and in the midst of his fondness for the child, his daughter rushed into the room, and declared it for her own.

His resentment vanished, he received them to his house, forgot and forgave her misconduct, and at his death, bequeathed her his whole fortune, on which they retired to the elegant cottage they now inhabited, to the total oblivion of Cheapside and *Manchester stuffs*.

Here then was the career of Mrs. Vincent; how far it warranted her pretensions to fashion, or how far it authorised her tyranny over her daughter, it is difficult to say; certain however it is, that as a mother, till the present instance, her conduct towards Harriet had been exemplary; no care, no cost had been spared to render

her perfectly accomplished, and if the perfection of a purpose be delight, no parent could be more fully repaid than Mrs. Vincent.

She saw her child all excellence; Apollo would have been proud of her as a pupil in music, Terpsichore jealous of her in the dance; her mind was formed for the most refined studies, and her heart calculated for the reception of the purest virtues; her innocence was innate, her modesty exquisite, and her disposition the most amiable in the world.

Savage then was gone, and Edward left in possession of the field. Happily did the hours pass in her society, and if they did not *mutually* feel a degree of pleasure in each other's company, Lavater would have been puzzled to know what their looks inferred.

But strange to say, her mother, a clever shrewd woman as she was, in all this intercourse, where they sang together, drew together, read together, and were constant-

ly together, never suspected the existence of any attachment stronger than friendship, till Edward feeling it a duty to undeceive her, told her the state of his heart---not verbally, his courage would not bear him out in that, but by letter.

The answer he received to his candid disclosure was such as wounded his inmost heart ; Mrs. Vincent did not object to him as a young man, no, she owned a partiality for him, but she felt it a duty to reject his offer, as he had *no fortune*, and was not in the train *of getting one.*

Here was a death blow to all his hopes, THE SORROWS *of the man* began—this was his last of happiness.

The painter's art, the poet's fiction, cannot describe the sensations that distracted him on the receipt of her letter.---Madness was in his eye, and horror in his heart---torn from Harriet---forbidden the house where he had spent the happiest hours of his life ; what was to be done ? for two whole days did he seclude himself from every

body, and on the third evening he determined to call on Mrs. Vincent, and endeavour to prevail upon her to revoke her mandates.

He crossed the lawn, and tapped at the door---"Is your mistress within?"---"No sir," replied the servant, "she is at Lady Rosemore's.---Miss Vincent is at home." ---Edward would have said "No, I will not go in," but his resolution failed, and he found himself in the presence of the adored girl *once* more.

To attempt a description of the scene that ensued, would be not to do credit to the feelings of the charming couple; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Vincent had *never told* her daughter of Edward's proposal, but endeavoured to enrage her against him, by making *her* believe that his absence from the cottage proceeded from negligence towards her; when he had undeceived her, her astonishment was only equalled by her sorrow that her mother

should have endeavoured to *cheat* her into her purpose.

"Good God," exclaimed the bewildered Harriet, "is it possible? have I been deluded by my mother—and is she determined that Savage shall be my husband?—"

"What!" said Edward, trembling for her answer—"do you not love him?—

"Love him!" exclaimed the raving girl—"do you think Edward, I CAN LOVE TWO?—I detest him."

This was a downright confession, to which Musgrave had never before been able to bring her.

"My mother," continued she, "dissembled her sorrow and surprize, at your discontinuing your visits here, so well, that I endeavoured to persuade her to send to enquire the cause of your absence, but I trust heaven will forgive her for setting me the example of deception—In such a concern as marriage, surely the inclinations of a child should be consulted;—Oh Edward, what's to be done?—I thought she

would have sacrificed any thing to *my* happiness; but this is absolute tyranny—how shall I escape it?"

"ESCAPE" was the word that struck upon his ear,—*this* was the moment; she had been deceived by her mother, allowed the perpetual society of this young man only to feel the loss of it with greater force,—*deception* now was only *retaliation*—Edward mentioned ELOPEMENT, threw himself upon his knees, and implored the girl of his heart to favour his wishes, and consent to flight. His prayer prevailed—she agreed to the plan, and they determined that very night to set off for Scotland, where their hearts would be for ever united, and when relieved from all fear and anxieties, they might, when blessed by Hymen, enjoy the delights two beings feel in an exchange of sentiments, and an entire union of soul.

This is a lesson to parents, who expect obedience, not to be too unreasonable in the exercise of their power. Had this girl

never been deceived, never forced, she never would have entertained the thoughts of eloping—it was a rash resolve—but resolved it now was, and however decisive such a step may be, it is hard to determine, when the parent becomes despotic, whether it is not a preferable plan in a child, to be *imprudent* for four-and-twenty hours than *miserable* for the whole duration of life.

Let the causes however have been what they might, the determination was made, and a few hours only were wanting to complete the design. Musgrave's head burned, and his heart palpitated; tremors, doubts, fears, anticipations, all possessed his imagination. The intended partner of his flight shared his feelings, she was on the eve of taking an important step, and of committing an irrecoverable act, but in the midst of all her agitations she could not help looking forward to the delightful interchange of affection in which she might indulge with impunity, when marriage had removed the

bandage from the eyes of love, and sanctioned the triumph *he* was about to enjoy.

Time wore apace; Harriet had retired to rest before her mother's return from Lady Rosemore's—she watched; the tedious hours past in expectation seemed protracted—minutes were days, as she told them with her sighs, till the clock struck twelve: the music of the spheres, the lyre of Apollo, or the sound of Edward's voice, could not have given her greater pleasure, than the heavy toll of the church bell, as it announced the hour of midnight.

She softly opened her bed-room door, (it faced her mother's,) she fancied she heard her call, but it was the rattling of the honeysuckles against the casement; she descended the stairs, reached the door, with difficulty her tender hands removed the fastenings, at length they yielded to her efforts, and she found herself upon the little lawn before the cottage.

Edward was waiting at the gate, she ran to him, she trembled, she turned to look at the house, where she had passed so many hours; where her mother, unsuspicious of her flight, slumbered secure.

She leaned her flushing cheek on Edward's shoulder, as he led her to the chaise, which waited on the other side of the bridge, that crossed the mill-stream.

They stepped into the carriage; the door was closed, he pressed her to his breast. She sighed consent,—yes the lovely girl had surrendered herself—and the horses set off at full speed.

Sorrow adieu!—EDWARD has gained her, and HARRIET is his own!

CHAP. V.

Now whatever mother happens to read this tale, will immediately draw herself up at the conclusion of the last chapter, and calling it immoral, either shut up the book or desire her daughter, (if *she* be reading,) to do the same, but this will not hinder the young lady from finishing the story, or from following the example if she likes it; so weak is the power of parents over young modern misses, and so strong is the sway of their own inclinations.

Thus, having proved that my story will in fact have no influence upon minds not given to eloping, I shall proceed with the narrative, because it begins to grow rather complicated, and it is but fair, since I have drawn the young people into something like a difficulty, that I should do as

much as lies in my power to extricate them from it.

The step Musgrave had taken was the first marking decisive one of his life ; he had borne from all protection but his own a lovely girl, who with an equal want of consideration, had thrown herself upon his honour—but she was safe, for he *loved* her.

The general notion, by the way, that lovers are deceivers, must be erroneous, and the reason is a natural one; a lover and a deceiver are *different* characters—for a *deceiver* cannot *love*, and *vice versa*, a lover cannot *deceive*—he ceases to be a lover, when he does.

The sensations this fond pair experienced, as the horses gallopped forward, were such as none but those who have been in similar situations can conceive. The hopes of happiness, (which are all centered in the one idea of a safe arrival at their journey's end,) the fear of pursuit, (in which all the terrors are combined) equally poise the

hearts of flying lovers,-and temper the joy they would otherwise feel too exquisitely.

For eighteen hours had the incessant whirl of the post-chaise continued, when Harriet first complained of fatigue, and in consequence of a delay for a change of horses, she proposed taking a short sleep* before they proceeded, to which as they were secure of ten hours in advance upon their pursuers (if they had any), Edward consented; and while she was refreshing herself, he took a short walk into the town to procure fresh horses if possible.

Having therefore ordered every care to be taken of Harriet, he proceeded to the second inn, and enquired of the landlord, if he could procure him four horses.

"No sir, I cannot," replied the landlord; "I am very sorry, really sir, but the last four I had in the stable, a gentleman in the parlour has just engaged."

* It is hardly necessary to observe that when she made this proposal she intended to sleep *alone*,—at all events it is as well to explain.

"What can I do?" said Edward.—"Mr. Musgrave," cried a voice from the room—"Mr. Musgrave, is that you?"

Edward was somewhat startled at hearing his name mentioned at so great a distance from town, and had hardly recovered from his surprise, when the elegant figure of Mr. Savage stood before him.

"It is useless, Musgrave," said the man of fashion, "to attempt to get horses here; by Gad it is to no purpose." "What, sir," replied Edward, "you have discovered me." "Oh yes," cried Savage, "I have found you out—I saw you pass me just now in a chaise."

"And do you mean to stop me, sir?" said Musgrave. "Not I, upon my soul," returned Savage, "I always prefer forwarding such *game go's*—so far from hindering you, by Gad you shall have my nags to get on with—now do take them."

This officiousness of Savage did not proceed from any partiality to Musgrave, but as he feared his influence with Harriet;

he rejoiced in this opportunity of doing what he considered getting him out of the way.

It did not till the moment of this offer occur to Edward, that though Savage had seen *him*, he had not caught a view of Harriet; his ideas however were confirmed by Savage enquiring after the Vincents, and desiring to be remembered to them, when Musgrave next saw them.

A culprit reprieved never felt the joy he experienced at hearing these questions; and wishing to evade any further conversation, he wished Savage a good day, and returned to the inn, where he left his fair charge, with a heart bounding with joy.

He flew, rather than ran, to the room where he had left her—the door was open—his bird was flown, she was gone,—his blood ran cold—he rushed down stairs—he proceeded to the parlour where they had taken some refreshment—she was not there, he ran to the master of the house, who answered his enquiries with a drawl-

ing tone that " he really did—not—know any—thing at all about her."

Edward's heart was on fire, and the chilling reply of the phlegmatic landlord so provoked him, that raising his arm he knocked down the vender of wines, and he measured his length on the floor of his own passage.

The noise brought several persons from the kitchen, and the mistress of the house, a fat greasy long-nosed red-faced old woman, enraged against Edward, because he had gone to the other inn for horses, called to a tall raw boned fellow who was standing looking on, and with a voice truly Stentorian exclaimed—

" George Waters--you are constable in this here parish; I give your charge of that man—take him over to Sir Peter Potiphar —he is a *just-ass*—and he will *mittimize* him."

" What !" continued she, turning to the ostlers and cook, " is not a married man, and the father of a family, to stand in his

wife's passage without interruption and abuse?—take him along—I'll go over and swear the peace against him."

"For heaven's sake have pity," cried Edward, "consider—I own I have done wrong—I'll pay—"

"Pay," said George Waters—you *will pay* for it, you may depend on it."

"Where is the lady?" said Musgrave, half mad. "I neither know nor care," replied the mistress of the house—"she's some run-away madam I suppose, no better than she should be."

At the end of this reply, the landlord made a short speech, displaying his bloody nose at the same time, which by no means tended to encrease Edward's popularity with the mob.

At this moment a post-boy from the other inn entered the door, and with a loud voice bawled out—"Four horses for a gentleman here on to Gretna."

They were for Musgrave—he told them so—but they were deaf to all entreaties—

his heart was breaking—Harriet and Savage in the same town—she ignorant of this adventure—what was to be done?—to trust Savage was of course to be betrayed—he therefore collected his senses and sent a verbal message to him, thanking him for his offer, but said that in consequence of a circumstance that had occurred, he had no occasion for the horses.

This being done, he was conveyed along the street, his eyes still wandering in search of his dear girl, who he was now almost assured was fallen into the hands of Savage, so near the spot where they might be united: all these reflections nearly drove him mad.

He was by this time at Sir Peter Potiphar's door—was he at home?—no—he was gone to attend a vestry meeting—what was to be done, Edward must be detained till he arrived—he was therefore shown into a little parlour on the side of the hall, and desired to wait.

The tumult of his brain was now too

great to be borne, his agitation was terrible; the loss of his dear girl, the suspense he was kept in, and his ignorance of her fate, all conspired to make him miserable.

After a delay of two hours, Sir Peter Potiphar appeared—this old gentleman ruled the neighbourhood with sovereign sway—he was a magistrate, but all the business of the office was transacted by his daughter, Miss Potiphar, a lady of such wonderful feelings that her humanity was proverbial—never a bastard child sworn, never an orchard robbed, but the offender, if he was a comely gentleman in person, was sure to escape.

Her father, Sir Peter, had been knighted for carrying up an address—and the monkey who had seen the world, was not a more grotesque figure; his eyes, fearful of each other's prowess, looked across his Roman nose with the most brotherly glances, and formed what is vulgarly termed a *squint*.

The proboscis which emerged from his

visage curled over his upper lip, as his under one overhung his peaked chin ; a spare voice, words issuing slowly, and the most inveterate deafness, completed his attractions.

In about twenty minutes, the *court* being arranged, and Miss Potiphar seated on the bench by her father, evidence was called for, and Mr. Waters thus began.

" Please your worship, I was exalted to come and comprehend this man."---

" Very good"---said the justice, (it was his favourite expression).

" For, your worship," continued Waters, " that he had knocked down the landlord of the White Horse."---

" Knocked down a white horse," said Sir Peter, " what's that ?---say that again."

" Knocked down the landlord, your worship," bellowed the landlady.

" Oh ! the landlord---very good---proceed," said his worship.

And in consequence of this magisterial mandate, the business went on in the same

style for about an hour, and the examination ended by Sir Peter's committing Edward to the county gaol, to take his trial for the assault at the next sessions; so that three hours had been spent to fix him a prisoner for as many months, but from this he met a happy release.

Miss Potiphar, the young lady just noticed for her power as a magistrate, and whose feelings were so susceptible, no sooner heard the sentence pronounced, than casting her eyes over the figure of Edward Musgrave, she thought she saw something about him which ought to prevent his being in durance vile, her tender sentiments towards the male species were awakened, and therefore in ten minutes after his removal, his discharge was sent over to the constable's house, and he was liberated on making some pecuniary restitution.

The moment he found himself in possession of liberty, he ran to the inn where he had seen Savage, to enquire for him.

"He is gone, sir," said the waiter, "the lady did not seem much to like to go, but he came over her scruples, sir, and they packed off together."---

"What lady?" said Edward.

"Oh sir, a lady who came here to him; she had a veil on, and he called her HARRIET."

"Oh God," cried Edward,---"she has fallen into his hands---and here *accumulate* the SORROWS of my life."

He raved---he tore his hair—he was convinced that he had lost her—what was to be done?—

"Get me another chaise and four, I'll follow him,"—exclaimed the maddened youth.

"Very well, sir," answered the waiter, and proceeded to order the equipage.

Edward's head burned—tears came to his relief—a torrent burst from his eyes, and he felt himself in less pain—he looked round him, and saw a little boy, the child of some of the inhabitants of the place,

standing before him—the flaxen-haired son of labour, turning his large blue eyes towards Edward's face, said,

"Pray sir, be your name Musgrave?"

"It is my little fellow."

"Here is a letter for you, sir, a fine lady gave it me, sir."

It was of course from Harriet—he burst it open, and read:

"I cannot meet you till five, we shall be discovered—I am watched—therefore remain where you are till dusk, and come to the style in the church yard at five; remember; we shall then meet in safety; consider what I have risked for you, and be punctual."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Musgrave, "and how well she has disguised her hand—it is not the least like her writing—here my fine little fellow, tell the lady I'll not fail, and here's half-a-crown for you.'

"Oh thank you, thank you," cried the

pretty messenger, and was out of sight in a minute.

Edward now saw Harriet's prudence, but could not conceive where she had found an asylum ; it was evident Savage had her not in his power, he therefore supposed, that seeing *him*, she had told her story to some cottager, who, in consideration of a little reward, had consented to shelter her till the evening.

Satisfied with her security, he therefore returned to the inn, ordered the chaise not to be ready till five, and seating himself by the fire, swallowed a solitary dinner and a bottle of claret, happy that he had recovered his darling girl, after so many mishaps and difficulties.

Time moved rather slowly, expectation clipped the old gentleman's wings, and it was not without some satisfaction that Edward heard the clock strike five; he immediately left the house to meet his angelic Harriet.

It was almost dark, and the trees in the

avenue added to the *sombre* appearance of nature's beauties, so that to distinguish persons would have been a difficult task; for fear of any mistake, Edward therefore whistled a little Italian air, which he knew was a favorite of Harriet's.

It had the desired effect, the sweet girl heard the notes; she followed the sound, she ran towards him, he asked no questions, conviction, nature, told him it was his angel, and so closely did he clasp the fair wanderer to his breast that he did not find out his MISTAKE for a couple of minutes.

Lo and behold, in the midst of his raptures, his huggings and squeezings, he discovered that the lady he was so fervently embracing was NOT Harriet Vincent, but Miss LUCRETIA POTIPHAR, the justice's daughter who had liberated him from durance vile.

On this *denouement*, feeling rather awkward, he drew his arm from her waist, and

disentangling his fingers from her carroty hair, into whose mazes he had thrust them as the fine fiery locks flowed loosely down her back, bowed very lowly, in as collected a tone as possible, and implored her pardon for the mistake.

"Mistake!" cried Miss Lucretia, with a voice as shrill as a peacock's—"Mistake! my dear sir, there is not the least *mistake* in the world, pray dont disturb yourself, it's I."

"I, madam," stammered Edward—"yes, madam, but I have an appointment here with"—

"To be sure you have, with me; why I wrote you the letter which I sent you by the farmer's boy, which you answered by saying you'd come and meet me."

"The devil you did madam," cried he. "Then I wish from my heart you had signed the epistle, for really my mind is so occupied with other business, that it is impossible to devote any moment from the

purpose of my journey: so urgent is the case".

Judge Edward's sensations when he found himself as far as ever from Harriet, or any news of her; deceived into an appointment with the most frightful carroty miss in the county, at the moment his heart was devoted to the prettiest girl in England.

The truth was, Miss Potiphar expected some return for the kindness she had bestowed on Musgrave in liberating him, and had actually made this dusky appointment to see *how far* his *gratitude* would *carry him*.

Her love, however, turned to rage at his indifference, and after she had eased her wounded soul by flying into a violent passion, he contrived to get rid of her; *he* raving of Harriet, and *she* calling for revenge.

In this state he took to his heels, and like a *Joseph* flew from Miss Potiphar to the White Horse, where not being able to

hear any tidings of his dear girl, and concluding she had fallen into Savage's hands, he stepped into the chaise that was ready for him, and proceeded with all SPEED to GRETNA GREEN.

CHAP. VI.

Poor Edward, who was aware how misfortune had always pursued him, and who was assured that fate from his birth had marked him for a MAN OF SORROW, imagined as he proceeded on his journey, that he should just reach Gretna Green time enough to hear that Savage had made his Harriet a wife; but hoping through all his grief to prevent, if possible, so melancholy a termination to his journey, he desired the post boys to make all the way they could, and instructing them in the emergency of the case; and presenting each of them at the same time with the portrait of their gracious majesty in gold, they whipped on their steeds, who, to do the nort hroad justice, had as much ability as their drivers had will.

The wheels rattled merrily; the mud flew; the

"Very stones seemed to prate at his whereabout."

Twelve miles an hour every inch of the way; a turnpike impeded their progress, the toll was paid, and the carriage some distance from it, when the sound of a voice calling after it, roused Edward's attention.

Concluding therefore that either bad money, or a miscalculated charge for the carriage was the cause of the ejaculations he heard, he ordered the boys to stop, but his surprize was greatly excited when instead of any demand on his purse, the *gate keeper* enquired if his name was Musgrave!

Astonished at the question, but not displeased at it, as he imagined it led to some discovery of his charming girl, he started forward and answered the *quære* in the affirmative.

"Then, sir," said the guardian of the bar, "here is a letter for you. It was left by a young lady who passed this in the four o'clock coach; she desired me to enquire

of every body who came through whether his name was Musgrave, and if it was, not on any account to fail of delivering it."

Delighted at once again receiving any tidings of Harriet, he burst open the note and to his great joy read these words.

" Dearest Edward,

"I saw Savage in the town—a stage coach for Gretna happened to pass through at the moment; trusting to Providence, I had the courage to enter it; I shall reach my journey's end in two hours; this I leave at the turnpike, in the hopes that you will take this road to follow

Yours devotedly,

H. V."

The rapture he felt at the reading of this epistle can better be imagined than expressed. " Faithful, noble girl," exclaimed he, when he had finished it, " what action of a life dedicated to you will ever repay this firmness? it is too great a mark of favor ever to be equalled; my heart, my soul, are yours for ever."

This rhapsody was not very intelligible to the keeper of the gate, who stood with two fingers of his right hand placed upon the front of the brim of his hat, in an attitude which seemed to imply that though Mr. Musgrave was satisfied, he was not.

Edward took the hint, and soon brought the worthy gentleman's understanding to its right sphere, by presenting him with a crown piece; for he knew the only way to get off with honour and expedition was

"———Imposuere *Coronam.*"

This was an argument very quickly comprehended, and pocketing the coin, the man ordered the post boy "to put on," as every thing was right.——

Oh! what a mercenary world we live in, that a man could not execute such a commission as this without expecting to be paid for it!

A truce with moralizing—off went the horses,—and every minute brought him

nearer his Harriet—yes—they should again meet, embrace, unite, never to part!

Oh ye who have known what it is to love may guess the warmth, the extacy of Edward's sensations; to describe them to those who *have* felt a touch of the passion, would be only a waste of time in telling them what they already know, and to attempt to depict them to those who never have experienced a wound would be still greater, for it could answer no purpose *at all*.

In LOVE, there is a certain pleasure in sorrow, a joy in grief, and a delight in misery, which the wisest head in Christendom cannot explain; a fluttering of the heart, a flushing of the cheek, a trembling of the limbs, and a confusion of the senses while the object of affection is present, a restlessness and inquietude, sighs that come whence we know not, tears that flow from hidden sources, a peevishness of temper, and a hatred of society when that object is absent, which neither the pen of

the poet, the pencil of the painter, nor the strain of the songster, can ever do justice to.

In such a confusion of idea then was Edward's brain, as the chaise rattled on towards the village that contained his Harriet; and being such, gentle reader, you must understand exactly how he felt—

"For poor fellow he was *in love*."

Aye aye, laugh, ye little mischievous misses, laugh at that passage if ye please—but mind, lest before many months have elapsed, ye who fancy yourselves the freest from the passion do not become its most servile votaries—stranger things have happened.

Edward in the midst of all his travelling speculations, however, was a little confused as to *what* Harriet it could have been who accompanied Savage on his journey.

"To be sure," thought he, "there are more Harriets than mine, and if *his* is another, I really don't wish to enjoy *all* the

Harriets in the kingdom—Heaven forbid —for I have seen one or two, that not 'to speak prophanely,' I would run as many miles to escape from, as I am now travelling in pursuit of another."

Oh! exclaimed the enraptured youth at the conclusion of his reverie, "We shall be married, aye before ten this night will she be my wife—united for ever—and then to-morrow and the next day—still my own, and the next, and the night, and all—"

"It was a *consummation* devoutly to be wished."

In this and similar soliloquys did he employ his minutes, till he felt himself whirled into the village which contained his charming girl, and the means of making her his.

He ordered the chaise to the principal inn, where he had no sooner alighted than Harriet was in his arms; she had been waiting anxiously for his arrival in a little parlour near the door; he caught her to his breast with a clasp of triumph.

Now then was she his own—no one

could part them—cruel mothers—chattering friends and flattering rivals all were distanced—the game was run down, he was in at the death, and the brush was his own.

False delicacy at Gretna is exploded; a woman when she goes into *Lanchester's* is known to want millinery (people say something more), when she lounges at *Gray's* she is understood to stand in need of trinkets, when she stops at *Gattie's*, she wants complexion, and when she goes to *Gretna*, she wants a *Husband!*

That being the case, *not* to talk of marriage is as absurdly *outré* as not to call for supper, and therefore Musgrave with a sly look at his blushing bride, ordered a couple of roasted fowls and a parson to be ready immediately; the waiter, perfect in his part, stepped over to the *chandler's shop*, hired the divine, and at half past ten the hymeneal rites were to be solemnized.

The landlady was to enact Harriet's mother, the domestics were to officiate as

brides maids, and a couple of waiters were to witness the ceremony.

All this being arranged, matters were thus far concluded without one six shilling's worth of law, one skin of parchment, or one word of settlement; a striking proof of the superfluous expenses which people run themselves to, in order to render their children unhappy. One heart for another is a fair exchange—it can be made by a contract between the parties, sealed on their own lips; a man who as a husband will not regard a verbal engagement as sacred, will hardly be restrained from breaking legal contracts; a lover's promise is the most inviolable, a lover's oath the most binding in the world, at least they *ought to be*, as the breaking the one, or failing in the other, may involve in misery, the solace of man's existence, *woman*.

At length, the *candied* clergyman having taken off his apron appeared in the room, and a more amiable character never existed; his *tout ensemble* rather bordered on the ridiculous, and it was with great diffi-

culty the young couple could refrain from laughter.

The landlord had promised that the supper should smoke on the table at half past ten—the parties waited with great anxiety, and an hour had elapsed before they discovered that the large clock upon the stairs, by which the cook was guided in her actions, had stopped: the reason of which was, that being too tall a time piece to be regulated by any of the household, the job was always reserved for a lofty postillion belonging to the next town, who as fate would have it, had not passed through that day: this accounted at once for the delay of supper, which "mine host" apologized for, at the same time cursing the cook, and begging his clerical friend to proceed with the ceremony, added that as he observed Mr. Musgrave was as tall as the postilion in question, he would be much obliged to him as soon as he had gone through the marriage service if he would step up stairs and *wind up the clock.*

CHAP. VII.

Now the moment approached,—the awful service was to be performed—but oh—

"What a falling off was there"

in all the pomps and vanities of it. No altar blazed with holy tapers, no singing boys chaunted an epithalamium, no organ sounded the joyous wedding peal, no bells gave notice to the world that Harriet and Edward were on the eve of being united for ever.

No! instead of the altar, a round supper table divided the priest of Hymen from his votaries; a pillow from a bed in the next room served Harriet to kneel upon, two slender tallow candles, stored in Scotch air till they had grown thin, illuminated the shrine, and a prayer book (worn a little

in the *service* of matrimony) constituted all the external marks of religion.

The officiating minister was deficient in three great attributes of the clergy, pride, fat, and canonicals: an humble deportment, a spare body, and a rusty brown coat distinguished him from the rest of his brethren.

Unlike some of them he could read distinctly, and at length the service began, and proceeded, till the priest put that simple question which decides the business:

"Whether Harriet Vincent would have Edward Musgrave for her wedded husband?"

To which, naturally enough, Harriet Vincent was about to reply in the affirmative, when all proceedings were stayed, and the whole company thrown into the greatest confusion by the very unseasonable entrance of Mrs. Vincent, Mr. Savage, and three footmen, armed and prepared for a seizure!!!

There is but one thing to a girl worse

than doing wrong, and that is, being found out!

"The attempt, and not the deed, confounds her."

The bustle this *Phantasmagoric* appearance occasioned can hardly be described; the mistress and maids escaped by a sudden bolt at the door in which they overturned the astonished Mr. Savage, who being a man of haut ton "wondered how people could do such things."

The minister of the gospel abandoning his station, upset the altar into the fire, Edward was struck motionless with horror, and Mr. Savage fatigued by the *exertion* of *being surprized*, threw himself into an arm chair.

Mrs. Vincent, when satisfied of the justness of her conclusion, and the success of her journey, calmed her anger into something like decency, till the landlord, conscious that if his old timepiece had been correct, the ceremony would have been over an hour before her arrival, put her into a vio-

lent paroxysm of passion by bawling as loud as he could—

"Oh if he had but WOUND up the CLOCK!"

Which wish of his he repeated several times, till the mother not understanding what he meant, let all her vengeance burst upon his head (having at the same moment *thrown at it* the pillow on which her daughter had been kneeling) in a torrent of words.——

"Don't talk to me of your winding up," cried she, "you impudent scoundrel, you ought to have your license taken away for suffering such doings in your house: I know two or three of the members of the society for the suppression of vice, and if you ever have any marriages in your house, they shall write admonitory letters to you, as they did to my friend at Hyde-park Corner; only for having a medallion of a man in an indecent posture *stuck* against the front of his house! they shall, you scoundrel, they shall; they are all good Chris-

tians and will not suffer people to be married as they like."

"As for you, madam," replied he, "hang me if any society would take the trouble to write to you, and if they did I know no punishment bad enough for a woman who would make her child marry against her inclinations: and if so be," continued he, "that this here little brown faced gentleman be he as you wants miss to marry, curse me if it's even human in you to force her to have a monkey, when she's a mind for a man."

Savage rose here to knock the fellow down, but mine host putting himself on his guard for the blow, the beau, though a disciple of Jackson's, declined the contest because he was not "*in training*.'

Harriet, who had not (like most heroines) fainted, had by this time recovered from a violent fit of crying, and ventured to look at her mother, who no sooner caught her eye than she attacked her in the most opprobrious language.

"Oh you wretch," said she, firing up, "you despicable wretch, what have you done? are you not eternally disgraced by this step? degraded for ever!"

"No, madam," said Edward, "no child is disgraced by refusing to acknowledge despotism; servitude of the body is an awful curse, but when a parent endeavours to enchain the heart and inclinations, I only hope she may always meet a daughter with spirit enough to free herself from such control."

"What, sir, teach a child to rebel before my face?" "No, madam," replied he, "I would rather teach her mother to be loved: remember, as you have often told me of them yourself, *your* sensations in a similar situation, when unprovoked by deception, *you yourself* took the same means of following your own inclinations, and then considered the anger of your father as an injustice done to your sensibility."

"I judged *then* as a child," retorted Mrs. Vincent. "Then now, madam, feel as

one; look at your daughter—the prototype of angels,—distressed, overwhelmed, broken-hearted; if you can behold such goodness so oppressed and refuse your pardon, you have a harder heart than I can give you credit for."

"Pardon her, after leaving her home with a stranger!"

"A stranger!" said Musgrave,—"No madam, you will consider that under your sanction, with your concurrence,, I was allowed that intercourse which familiarised us completely to each other.—you deceived her, madam,—look at that insignificant thing you are pleased to design for her husband—did she not refuse his offers with disdain? and did you not, by a private agreement between you, suffer him still to pay his fulsome attentions to her, only because *you* had determined she should marry him!—Oh madam, madam, lay the blame of this step to no one but yourself, you are the cause of it, and you

alone will feel the miseries of retrospection."

Then turning to Savage, he said, "As for you, sir, I wonder that you should abandon the lady who confided herself to your protection this morning; however, with you, I must at all events, have some private conversation—you are a scoundrel, and shall meet a scoundrel's reward."

This address had no other effect upon Mr. Savage than causing him to arise from his seat, turn upon his heel, and leave the room, exclaiming as he passed the door—

"Impertinent fellow, you shall hear from me." The moment he had retired, Harriet threw herself upon her knees to her mother, and in a tone of supplication that would have melted a Stoic, inplored for heaven's sake, that she would not force her from Edward.

This appeal to her mother's feelings roused her into a determination to accelerate her departure. She tore her child

from Edward's arms, who dared not against a woman use the exertions he might have put in force againt a man; and deaf to the intreaties, the tears, the complainings, and the supplications of the distracted lovers, she thrust her into her travelling chariot, and leaving a note for Savage, who had left the inn, set off for London well guarded by two outriders on horseback, and a man-servant on the box.

When Edward heard the carriage wheels in motion, and considered what they bore from him, dark as it was, and late, he determined to follow them, and had actually ordered a saddle horse to put in practice his intention, when a gentleman wholly unknown to him personally, entered the inn and enquired if Mr. Musgrave was there; hearing his name mentioned, Edward immediately replied to it, on which the gentleman requested very politely that he might be indulged with a few moments conversation.

His desire being complied with, and

the parties having retired to a parlour, the stranger opened the business by stating, that he was a friend of Mr. Savage, who had just called upon him to say, that some unwarrantable language which Mr. Musgrave had made use of, rendered it necessary that he should either apologise for it publicly, or give him the meeting the next morning.

To this message Edward could only reply, that situated as he was, at a vast distance from all his friends and acquaintance, a meeting of the sort he proposed would be attended with very awkward circumstances, but as it was utterly impossible that he should retract any thing he had said, irksome as it was to his feelings, and inconvenient in his present situation, he certainly should make a point of attending Mr Savage at his appointment, as he doubted not but in the barracks of the neighbourhood he should find some gentleman who would undertake to be his friend upon the occasion; at all events he

added, he would make a point of being punctual.

The strange gentleman, having therefore named the time and place, took his leave of Musgrave, whose brain, confused as it was by the numberless exertions and scenes it had undergone and passed through during the course of the day, was hardly in a state to bear so extraordinary and unpleasant a surprise as was contained in the challenge he had just received.

Hardly sensible of any action he committed, unsettled as to what line of conduct to pursue, he rung for the landlord and enquired if there were any of the officers of the regiment quartered there, then in the house, to which the man replying in the affirmative, he desired him to repeat their names, upon doing which Musgrave thought he recognised that of Bulmer.

"Where does this gentleman reside when at home?" said he.

"At home, sir,"—replied the landlord—"home—why Lord love you, sir, it's only a

militia regiment, they have no home but the barracks."

"You misunderstand me," rejoined Musgrave, "Mr. Bulmer must have some family."

"No," said the host "he has got no family, sir, he ben't married, he has gotten a father alive, old Dr. Bulmer of Carlisle, he is his father."

"This is lucky," exclaimed our hero.

"Yes, for him it is, sir," replied the landlord, "for the ould gentleman's mortal rich, and the pay of these here officers is'nt over much, considering they have to live like gentlemen; one of my post lads gets more than one of their captains in a day, sir, but then he has'nt the honor of having a chance of being shot at, that's worth something to be sure, though to say truth these militia men ar'nt often in danger."

"Get me pens and ink," said Edward, "Ill write a note to Captain Bulmer."

"Certainly, sir," said the man—"Certainly I will," and as he turned from his

guest to get the articles, he could not help exclaiming with a look of sorrow, "What a pity it was you lost her, sir, she was a sweet girl to be sure; I never see'd a prettier."

These words struck like lightning to Edward's heart; she was gone, she he adored, she he had pressed to his heart not an hour before was torn from him for ever.

"O Harriet," sobbed out the wretched lover, "I am within these few hours going into the field for your sake. If I fall, my dying breath shall utter a prayer for you; that heaven may guard, protect, watch over you, is my constant wish; my nightly invocations to our maker are for you, in common with myself,—for let us be parted eternally, let mountains rise, or oceans roll between us, our hearts are so entwined, united so inseparably, that they cannot divide us, and if it is decreed that we shall see each other no more on earth, I shall look forward to the hour of dissolution

with delight, as *that* in which our souls may mingle, and our spirits meet."

He had just finished this appeal to heaven when the man returned with the implements for writing; Edward sat down and penned the following note to Captain Bulmer:

"Mr. Musgrave presents his compliments to Captain Bulmer; believing that they have spent much time together at school, and during the vacations, he takes the liberty of presuming upon these circumstances to request a few minutes conversation with Capt. B. on very urgent business."

To Captain Bulmer.

This letter had hardly been delivered five minutes, when the friendly Bulmer entered the room where Musgrave had fixed his residence.

"My dear Ned—your hand, why who in the name of fate," exclaimed he, "could have expected to have met with you here,

and alone, what can have induced you to visit so *coupling* a climate without a mate?"

"Oh Bulmer," replied Edward, "*my* story is a complicated one, and I will not worry you with it now; I will be brief in what I have to say,—a thousand unpleasant circumstances have occurred to me, and the last is an affair of honour in which I am engaged with a rival of mine in a love business."

"Oh, and you want me to be second," cried the captain; "my dear fellow I am your man; I have just received per mail, a brace of *Manton's*, which are the truest shooting irons in England, hit the ace of spades off a bottle of Champagne for 50 only yesterday with one of them—damme I'm your lad."

"I have no desire to *kill* my antagonist," said Musgrave. "Kill, no to be sure," interrupted Bulmer, "only wing him, tip him the lead through his left arm, or give him the bullet just under his hefts,

sting him a bit, that's all,—damme who is he?"—

"His name is Savage," replied Edward.

"What, Dick Savage, who seduced old Williams's daughter, and set fire to the parson's house for preaching *at him*; curse me they say he burned his father's will, because he left all his cash to charities, and blew out his butler's brains because he wanted to *blow* the business; Oh he's the best mark in the world. I saw him just now in the street before the inn, the moon glared full in his face, but I thought I must be deceived, for he does'nt often come into this part of the country; his father has just popped off the perch, and he has come in for the stuff; but I say Ned, if you don't lay it into him you deserve to be crucified, nobody ever had the opportunity before of tipping him the barrel; he is but a shy lad at a fight in general—what time is it you meet?"

"At six," said Edward.

"Damme," said Bulmer, looking at his

watch, " its one now—Oh we'll not go to bed, we'll have two or three bottles of claret, they'll steady you, some broiled bones and a good fire, and then for the fight; give me your hand Musgrave,—curse it, I hardly expected to fall into so good a thing as this, either !"

In this way did the son of Mars proceed, till he actually persuaded Edward to sit down all night to tell him all his adventures, (so fond is a lover of speaking of his mistress;) and at the conclusion of the tale, the bottles were dry, the day-light was breaking, and the clock pointing to six ;—the *hour* was at *hand*—the *hand* was at the *hour*—and off they went, properly prepared to the ground.

" When Greek meets Greek,
Then comes the tug of war."

CHAP. VIII.

Musgrave and Bulmer having called at the latter's lodgings for the pistols he had spoken of, left a note at the surgeon's of the regiment, to desire him not to go out till after nine, and then walked leisurely to the ground appointed by the stranger.

Upon their arrival, they perceived Mr. Savage and his friend sitting on a style at the end of the meadow; and Bulmer immediately told Musgrave that this friend of his antagonist's was a sea captain, who lived in the neighbourhood of Scotland, upon a fortune saved from his services, and that he remembered to have seen him once with Savage at a party at Carlisle.

Mr. Savage advanced to meet Musgrave, and was about to speak, when Captain Bulmer stepped up, and said that he con-

ceived it would be more regular, if Mr. Savage had any thing to say, that he should communicate it by *his* second to him.

This Savage agreed to, and the purport of the communication was simply this :

That Savage bore no enmity to Musgrave for his efforts to obtain Miss Vincent, and that the whole reason for his desiring this meeting, was to have the harsh language Mr. Musgrave had made use of towards him, in the heat of passion, explained. Mr. Savage added, that an apology, even upon the ground, for those words, would perfectly satisfy him, and that he had no wish to take any steps against Musgrave's life.

To this Musgrave, by Bulmer, replied, that he was extremely tenacious of his words, and very guarded in his expressions towards men in all situations, that in the present instance he had used the word "*scoundrel*" to Mr. Savage, as he thought it applied, and that since the preceding evening, nothing had occurred to make him change his opinion ; as that was the

case, he could not see how Mr. Savage could expect an apology, and at all events, he was determined nothing should exact one from him.

After this reply, nothing was to be done but fight; and therefore the seconds having agreed upon the distance, the combatants took their stations at twelve paces from each other, and it being agreed that they should fire together at a signal, the seconds retired.

The moments which preceded the signal were truly awful; two men in habits of acquaintance with each other, stood armed for each other's destruction; Edward's thoughts flew to Harriet, and his heart palpitated, as he recollected the misery of her situation.

The word being given, the gentlemen fired together; they remained unhurt—no questions were asked by the seconds, but the remaining pistol of each case was handed to each of them.

The word was given a second time, and

in an instant afterwards, Savage measured his length upon the turf.

Musgrave, immediately forgetting all the differences that existed between them, ran towards him, but Savage was not conscious of this act of friendship ; the ball from Edward's pistol had passed through the left breast into the heart, and at the moment he advanced to the spot where Savage lay, he became a corpse.

Immediate death was the consequence of the wound, and Savage's second, turning to the victor, advised him to make off with what speed he could, observing that the assizes at Carlisle would not be held for six or seven weeks, and if he was apprehended then, he must remain in prison during the whole of that time. Musgrave and Balmer however resolved not entirely to quit the place till they had heard the verdict of the coroner's jury, who of course would be immediately summoned ; they therefore hurried to a farm-house in the neigh-

bourhood, where, through the interest of Bulmer with the old widow who kept it, and her pretty daughter, they received shelter from their pursuers.

The body of Savage, as soon as the alarm was given, was moved down to the Sun, where, being undressed, the surgeon examined the wound, and described it to be exactly as was stated.

Here then is a lesson to mankind; high in the flush of prosperity, and in the meridian of gaiety the night before, this inanimate piece of earth, now stretched on an ale-house bed, was in the full possession of all its faculties; arrogant, presuming, and insulting, the vicious Mr. Savage had been plotting new sins, and new villanies; but an hour before his death, with the crime of seduction on his soul, he had endeavoured a *second* time to commit the act which, once succeeded in, stamps a man —a villain; and with all these sins upon his conscience, this giddy being of fashion was called in an instant before his maker.

Oh! what a reflection to the thinking mind! Unawed by a sense of religion, by a sense of decency, had any one of his companions the preceding night, ventured to remind him of a future state, ridicule and contempt would have been the reward of his rash attempt.

What—a man of five thousand a year think of heaven!—psha!—cannot he possess every thing he wishes for on earth! —his horses—dogs—carriages—claret, and champaigne!

Man, man, learn to think while you are in health, that you may know how to suffer when you are in sickness; take Savage for your example: cut off in the midst of his gaiety and his follies, without a moment's warning, he is hurried into the presence of his GOD, without a moment's preparation. You are all subject to the same extinction, BE THEREFORE READY. Consider the hour of death always at hand, and as it is inevitable, think it impending—Consider his thoughtlessness; what is to become

of the victim of his art, MARY?—of her as yet we know but little. She was a flower, pure as the lily of the evening, till Savage plucked her from her native stem, and robbed her of her sweetness—her protector—(such was the name her seducer assumed) now is gone, and *she*, poor creature, deserted by her parent, and scoffed at by mankind, is left abandoned on the wide world, to seek her fortune from the charity of her fellow-creatures.

Such was the end of Mr. Savage—without one friend to close his eyes, except a casual acquaintance who attended him to the field, without a relative to mourn his fate, his body was placed in a convenient place to meet the inspection of the coroner and his jury.

The reader may judge what his general character was, and what the impression it made upon the minds of the men who constituted the pannel, when he is informed, that having weighed all the cir-

cumstances, and having considered that he was the aggressor in sending the challenge, they returned a verdict of "JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE."

No sooner was this decision known, than Musgrave and his second returned to the inn, where Edward remained till the day appointed for Savage's funeral, which having seen properly attended to, he left Gretna for London, in the ———mail; with no pleasant reflections, as they regarded the past—the present—and the future.

As in the course of this narrative, occasions will occur, where the object of Savage's seduction (Mary Williams) will be frequently mentioned, it may not be improper here, while Edward is proceeding to town, to give part of the outline of her history.

Mary Williams was the daughter of an honest respectable farmer at ———, a widower, and possessed of a competence adequate to all his wishes and his wants.

Devoted to his child, he had spent the

latter part of his life wholly at home, that he might train his Mary in the paths of religion and duty. He was no canting Methodist, no ostentatious Catholic, no hypocritical Quaker; he was a good Christian, and a firm adherent to the mother church of his country; he had loyalty enough to love his king, sense enough to laugh at what were called political questions, (about which there could be no *question* at all), independence enough to censure men and measures he despised, and honor enough to give his vote at an election where he thought talent gave superiority. In short he was one of those men, who can lay their heads upon their pillows, and their hands upon their hearts, and say they never did a dishonest action in their lives.

His daughter, at the time we shall first notice her, was turned seventeen, and a sweeter girl nature seldom formed. Her eyes were dark blue, emanating their sparkling glances from under a pair of long

silken dark eye-lashes; her brow bent like cupid's bow to give new force to the darts shot from beneath its curve.

Her figure was small, well made, and delicate, her disposition heavenly as her countenance, her heart all rectitude and virtue.

In the neighbourhood of their humble cottage, stood the pompous mansion of Mr. Savage, the father to the gentleman with whom we have been acquainted, and while his son was staying at home, either during the fashionable *summer*, (that is to say in the months of October, November and December), or in the vacations of the university, he selected as a companion for his idle walks and saunters, the amiable and interesting Mary Williams.

Naturally flattered by the attentions of a man so much his superior, old Williams, too confident in his daughter's virtue, and her lover's honor, suffered them to pass whole days together alone.

Here Savage's villainies began, for

though he knew he had determined never to marry this girl, he would every day meet her, sigh when he gazed upon her, take her hand, press it softly to his lips, and draw such pictures to her fancy, as filled her young imagination with delight—with rapture, nay, with *love*.

"Mary, my life," he would whisper as they walked, "where is happiness to be found but in your society? what is this world without you, what wealth could purchase pleasures which you did not share?

"Oh sir," she would reply, "consider the difference of our situations, you are destined to adorn the highest circles, I, a poor unlettered girl."

"Unlettered—believe me, Mary, you don't do yourself justice; turn over the leaves of the peerage, and you'll find countesses who can hardly write, marchionesses mere moppets, and women of *haut ton* raised to their stations from the stage, and worse places too. Oh Mary, never let that alarm you, I seek no accom-

plishments which *you* do not possess,---no joys which you cannot bestow."

In this manner did he raise hopes he never intended to realize, expectations he never meant to fulfil, and if he DID NOT love her, when he excited a passion in her breast, he was a greater villain than I even suspect him to be; he *must have* loved her at the time, but a fairer face chaced her from his imagination, and a fairer prospect made him forget the cottage, and his Mary.

Of all characters upon earth, none can equal for viciousness, those of a flirt and a coquet; custom has given so much of frivolity to the epithets, that we are rather inclined to laugh at, than seriously condemn them, but when they are considered in their proper light, it is a matter of doubt, whether they are equalled in vice by those of the highwayman or housebreaker.

Some women consider it an addition to the *eclat* they possess in the world, to be followed by a number of beaux, and there-

fore to encourage their attentions, bestow an equal share of favor upon each of them by turns; but ladies should be cautious how they practise upon this system, there are so many of the fools in fashionable life who come under the denomination of boasters, that a woman's honour is hardly safe in their hands, and by bragging one against the other, they proceed *so far* in their comparative discussions, that the poor object of their conversation seldom comes off without some insinuations (at least) to the detriment of her character.

But if a female coquet be a despicable character, what is a male one? a VILLAIN!

The female heart, formed by nature to be susceptible of the most tender impressions, is open to the wanton attacks of every libertine who chooses to make it a prey; such a heart had Mary Williams, such a character was Richard Savage.

If he saw a beautiful girl in a party, *her* would he single out for his amusement,

sigh and gaze, *venture* with *the greatest timidity* in the course of the evening to press her hand, make her believe he was desperately enamoured of her; hand her to her carriage; return to the room she had left—brag of the liberties he had taken with her, laugh at her credulity, and make her the ridicule of the company.

That such a man should be shot, and out of the way, the reader cannot be sorry —would he had received his mortal wound before the middle of May—for it was one evening in that month that he had as usual appointed to meet poor Mary; it was perhaps the finest night that ever came, the moon was up and nothing marred the sweet solemnity of the scene, but the distant barking of the village watch-dogs, or the falling of a little stream that rippled at the bottom of the hill over a row of planks raised to protect the neighbouring cottage doors.—

Savage was at the appointed place before her, and seating himself on the style,

waited her coming—on a sudden the village bells sent forth a merry sound—it was Mary's 18th birth-day, and the young men of the village were ringing a peal to honour it. Savage's heart beat with a sensation he could not define, perhaps he *did love* her then—for her triumph gave him pleasure.

He waited till near an hour had elapsed, when Mary came bounding over the dewy grass like zephyr on the rose-bud; she flew to Savage, and with a look which the moon discovered, expressed her fear of having tired his patience.—She took the hand he offered—he kissed the words from her pretty lips, and placing his arm round her waist, commenced his congratulations of her birth-day, in the most ingenious style of flattery.

Mary had been presiding at her father's table---he had invited almost all the young folks of the village, to a merry making in honour of his girl's birth-day. She had been

mistress of the feast, and though the floor were not chalked, though not a lord nor a lady adorned the assembly, though no great singer had two hundred guineas for singing a song, hospitality had cheered the scene, and friendship ruled the feast.

Elated with the gaiety of her little party, and wild with love, (which Savage had inspired) the artless child of nature felt her spirits high, her cheek warm, and her heart beating,—she was so happy that she did not struggle when he held her closely to his breast, no, she pressed his hand ---but then it *might have been* to hurt him in hopes that he would remove it—Cupid only knows, for thus it was they entered the grove *

Moore has written a song about Fanny, which might be introduced here with effect, but morality---we must consider that.

The clock was striking nine when they

parted at the end of the avenue---he bounded over the fields, his heart glowing with triumph, while she stole quietly to her father's cottage.——

——"Non pronuba Juno
"Non hymenæus adest—non illi gratia *lecto*."

CHAP. IX.

"STATUTUM est quod scholares et graduati cujuscunque generis a domibus et officiis oppidanorum de die et præsertim de nocte abstineant, præcipue vero ab *œdibus infames* seu *suspectas mulieres** vel *meretrices* alentibus aut recipientibus; quarum consortis scholaribus quibuscunque sive in *privatis cameris* sive in *œdibus* oppidanorum prorsus interdictum est, et si quis de die in iisdem vel earum aliquâ deprehensus fuerit si non graduatus sit pro arbitri, vice cancellaris vel procuratorum qui deprehenderent castigetur, si vero

* These come under the denomination given in the recent Opera house advertisement. Their avocations seem better understood than expressed.—

"Suspicion ill becomes the generous mind."

graduatus fuerit 3s. 4d. pro qualibet vice universitate mulctetur."

Savage was an Oxonian—use is second nature, and it is to be feared that this very statute was the original cause of all his misdeeds; what in the first place is chiefly enforced by it—abstinence.—" Ab ædibus infames seu suspectas mulieres vel meretrices"——Quo tendis?

Give me leave to observe by the way, Messieurs Trencher-caps, that you are playing the very deuce with your statutes; if a man cannot walk along the high road, he will get over the hedge and walk in the enclosures, that is, if he is determined to walk at all; look ye then, gentlemen, deny your youths the high road of wickedness, they jump with fear from *suspectas mulieres*, and attack citizens' wives, and shopkeepers' daughters.

This accounts for *one* of his acts, then for another—

" Sive in privatis cameris, sive in ædibus oppidanorum prorsus interdictum est."

Quo tendis? again.

To the fields, the hedges, the copses, say I: it must be somewhere, and it really seems as if this statute went to the improving rural sports, and the fertilization of the country.

Horace might now ask of Tibullus with great propriety,

"An Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubris
Curantem quicquid dignum sapienti bonoque est,
Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Di tibi formam,
Di tibi divitias dederunt, artemque FRUENDI."

And I do consider, gentle reader, that Savage is entitled to some lenity; for habit, the fear of university dicipline, and the three shillings and fourpence, drove him to the sad extremity; he avoided all the penalties of the statutes, bilked the forfeits, and committed a heinous sin.

Poor fellow, he is dead, however, and if like Beresford, one might be allowed a Latin pun, we might observe that we should be tender, since he is reduced to a heap of *Bones*—

"De mortuis nil nisi *Bonum*"

From the evening *rencontre* in the dusky dell, Savage never took the trouble to enquire after Mary; his point was carried, and immediately after, he fell into the society of Harriet Vincent, whose superior beauty chaced the recollection of all his preceding favorites, and left Mary no chance of reparation.

Poor Mary watched his departure from the village with the most agonising sensations.

> " ——————In she had fallen
> Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
> Hath drops too few to wash her clean again."

On the morning he left ——— for London, she was at the window of her humble bed chamber; the sun beamed through the newly budded foliage of an ancient tree that stood before the cottage door, a rustic seat was formed at its foot, it had been the shrine of industry, the throne of bliss, where murmuring discontent had never dared to whisper woe, but where poor Mary had enjoyed so many happy

hours, that as she sat at the casement she could not choose but weep to think on what she *was*, and what she *had been*.

A noise rouzed her, she looked up, it was Savage, the man who *loved*, the man who had SEDUCED her: the horses bore him rapidly from Mary, she would no more behold him, no more hear his vows, his sighs, he was leaving her—for EVER !

He waved his hand to her as he passed, she burst into tears, she stretched forward to look after him, he did not see her, she watched, the carriage turned the corner, and was out of sight.

Would there had been no corner—he might, perhaps, have looked again ; he did not, and she shut the casement, she had nothing more to see, and leaving the window, she threw her aching head upon the pillow she had wetted with her tears.

Poor girl, she never saw him more ; her fate was a hard one ; for the present, however, we must bid her adieu, and return to Musgrave, the " MAN OF SORROW."

Having wrapped himself up in his travelling coat, the hero of our narrative threw himself into the mail coach at the moment it stopped in the inn yard, and without taking any notice of his fellow traveller (for he had one,) coiled himself into a corner, determined, if possible, to sleep away some of the dreary hours of his journey.

The night happened to be very dark, and Musgrave very restless; his thoughts wandered very naturally to Harriet, to the duel he had fought, and its consequences, till fancying he heard his fellow traveller awake, he ventured by way of diverting his attention, to ask him "if he had any idea what the hour was?"

The gentleman returned no answer.

Musgrave was not to be abashed, and therefore observed, "it was an unpleasant night for travelling."

Still his companion remained silent.

"Would you like the window down?" said Edward.

No reply was made, and being curious

to know what kind of a being he was shut up with, he stretched forth his hand and feeling the gentleman's surtout, endeavoured to commence a conversation once more, by remarking, "what a very comfortable coat he had on for a journey."

This agreeable partner of his fatigues, however, persisting in his taciturnity, Edward again essayed to get a little rest, and at length succeeded, for in about ten minutes he sunk into a sweet sleep, in which he continued till about 8 in the morning.

At this juncture he awoke, and judge what were his feelings, his sensations, and his ideas, when upon opening his eyes he found that his mail coach friend was nothing more nor less than a *Russian bear*, muzzled and tied to the seat!

Thrusting his head out of the window, with an oath he enquired of the coachman how the devil the animal had got there?

"Vy I put him there," said a fellow resembling a Cyclops, who was seated on the coach box.

"You did, sir; then now I'll be obliged to you," said Edward, "if you will *put* him some where else."

"No I shant," replied the man, "you loves yourself, I loves my bear, cause though I keeps him, vy he *keeps* me, I lives by him, I have paid for him as an inside passenger, and hang me if he shant ride inside all the way."

"Then I will not," said Musgrave, at the same moment calling to the guard to open the door; "do you suppose, sir," exclaimed the enraged traveller, "that I am to be shut up with a confounded animal to please you? If the coachman chooses to turn the bear out, I'll go on, if not, I shall proceed in a post chaise."

Thus the argument continued, till the lord of the whip declared he could not turn the bear out any more than the gentleman, and therefore, if Mr. Musgrave did not like it, he must leave it.

This advice Edward took with great pleasure, and retiring to the inn, ordered post horses on to the next stage.

The fact was, that the unwelcome guest in the mail, was one of the dancing gentry who amuse folks at fairs, and like the ballet master at the opera house, to this accomplishment he added that of fighting if necessary; so that his master loving his beast better than himself, had actually paid to have *him* conveyed inside the coach, while *he* was content to ride on the outside, such was the gratitude of this fellow to the poor animal, for

> "As Romulus a wolf did rear
> So HE was *dry nursed* by a bear
> That fed him with the purchased prey,
> Of many a fierce and bloody fray."

The incident was a trifling one in itself, but there is no knowing whither trifles may lead, and many were the consequences of this ejectment of our hero.

Having taken a hasty breakfast, he proceeded in the chaise, and after travelling the whole of the day, reached the beautiful village of ——— just as the dews of night were falling.

Not being pressed by any very urgent business, and rather fatigued by the mental as well as bodily exertions he had undergone, he resolved to sleep at the inn, and not proceed on his journey till the following morning.

He therefore secured his bed, and having ordered his supper, sat down to reflect quietly on the events of the last week; in short, according to the recommendation of the learned Dr. Watts, he retraced all his past actions, weighed their merits, considered their faults, and judged their bearings; but upon summing up, he did not feel that internal satisfaction which his conscience hitherto had used to afford him.

What was the action that weighed so heavily upon his mind? was it the elopement? no, not that, there is no sin in love, though love may be the parent of sin; however, his passion had no offspring of *that* sort, nor any other, as far as I have heard; therefore on the score of Harriet his conscience clearly acquitted him.

It was from another source his remorse sprang—he had killed a fellow creature, and though by the laws of honor, and his country, he was acquitted of every particle of guilt, yet by the laws of NATURE, he was a murderer.

The simple Annette, and the simpler Lubin, knew nothing of law, and yet they were morally *man* and *wife;* Musgrave was exonerated by the legislature, but the crime in fact he *was* guilty of; so that the *creation* of one being by those innocent lovers, and the destruction of *another*, by our hero, were acts of criminality reversed, for as in the one case, the parties were legally guilty *without* guilt, so in the other, the murderer was legally acquitted without being innocent.

The law makes nice distinctions.

But to proceed: Edward continued his reflections till he was roused from them by the sound of a pebble striking against the window of his room; imagining that his sitting with lights in a chamber, with-

out having taken the precaution of closing the shutters, was the cause of this attack from some wanton wag *en passant*, he rose, and hastily let down the curtain, which effectually concealed him from the observation of straggling wits.

In a short time his supper being introduced, he took what refreshment he required, and retired to bed without delay.

Here on his pillow did he again recall the happy moments he had spent with his Harriet; here did he in imagination retrace the smiles she had bestowed upon him, and enjoy in dreams all the pleasures he had felt in pressing her hand to his constant heart.

If you are one of those animals, denominated by Buffon and several other naturalists—*men*, you have one girl in your imagination you hold dearer than any other: don't you feel a sort of fluttering in your left breast, if you happen to meet her accidentally? a fear of offending her, a dread of avoiding her?

Don't your eyes hang upon her charms, her cheek, her lip, her bosom? and does not conscience whisper it is wrong? yes, but conscience, like Kemble, has a voice, *sweet*, not *strong*, so you curse conscience, and look again.

Do you feel a flush on your cheek, and a glowing at your heart when she speaks to you? a pang if she smiles upon any body else, a coldness thrilling through all your veins after having gazed at her, an electrical shock from the touch of her hand, and a transportation to heaven from a smile on her lip?

You do—you do!

Then, my dear reader, concluding that you are a male creature, (if you are not, you will of course read no farther,) you must form some opinion of poor Edward's sensations.

———"Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies & mens sine pondere ludit."

PETR.

In sleeping, the enamoured youth fan-

cies himself clasping the girl that he loves to his breast, flatters himself that he has overcome all difficulties, surly fathers, careful mothers, and worldly guardians.

"For love will hope, when reason would despair."

While the little angel, ripe for joy, with equal fervor sleeps herself into happiness, and hugging her pillow to her panting bosom, dreams herself into the arms of her constant lover.

Poor dear little thing, how disappointed she must be when she wakes!

But so it is, fancy drives reason from her seat, and with sleep for her prime minister, rules the brain with tyrannic sway: love is invincible, irresistible, and immeasurable: wisdom cannot oppose, valour cannot vanquish it; and when once it possesses the heart, adieu to the counsels of the head.

"Sequentem fugit—Fugientem sequitur."

Edward tossed and tumbled in every direction that his bed would allow of; and in

this state of perturbation did he remain till the clock struck three, when tired with his fancied passion, he fell into a profound sleep; what he dreamed of worlds would not tempt me even to surmise—may all lovers have similar visions in their slumbers.

"Ne voir que bassiers dans les songes
Et soupçonner dans ces mensonges
Les douceurs de la verité." DORAT.

If imagination, however, was to afford him pleasure, reality had in store a large portion of grief, for judge his feelings, when upon waking in the morning he had the following note put into his hands by a waiter.

11 o'Clock, night.

"DEAREST EDWARD,

"I endeavoured to attract your notice by throwing a pebble against the window of your sitting room; I saw you come into the house from your chaise, my mother did not; we are to leave this at seven to-morrow morning: if you like to risque a second elopement, her treatment of me is

so cruel and harsh, that I am ready to do any thing to escape from her barbarity. Oh! Edward, I little thought I ever should be compelled by a parent to act thus. I will not go to bed to night; but remain in my room till I hear some signal from you; you will find I can be resolute.—Adieu—for ever.

HARRIET VINCENT."

"The servant who attended me will bring you this."

"Hell and fury!" cried Edward, "why wasn't this delivered to me last night?"

"Why, sir," said a chamber maid, as tall as the monument, with a pair of black eyes, resembling a couple of Wedgewood's saucers—"The lady gived it to me for you; but you were gone to bed, so I gi'd it to George to gi you the first thing in the morning."

"And where are the ladies?" enquired Musgrave.

"They have been gone nearly three

hours, sir," said the waiter; "they were off before seven, it is now just *ten*."

"Then I am a wretch indeed!" exclaimed the Man of Sorrow; "what must she think of me!—Did you tell the young lady," continued he, "that you could not get the note conveyed to me?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, "I told she you *had* gotten it—for fear she should be angry with me for not doing as she bid me."

"Then may all the curses of the world light upon you," exclaimed the phrenzied youth; "what am I to do—how am I to act?—I'll follow her to the world's end—order me a chaise, and some of your best horses—I'll proceed this instant—I never, never will give her up.—No not if I were sure that every mortal man would be my enemy for pursuing her—I adore her—I have woo'd her—I have gained her—our dispositions—our manners agree, and I defy the endeavours of those who

would part us.—On will I go—for death only shall rob me of my Harriet *.

* ---- " Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum
Non si cupiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines;
Hanc mihi expetivi, contegit; conveniunt mores: valeant
Qui inter nos discidium volunt: hanc nisi mors mi adinet nemo."

TER. *Andr.* Act 4, Sc. 2.

CHAP. X.

HERE then was a continuation of Musgrave's ill-luck to have missed another opportunity of making her his—to have had her in his power—to have been under the *same* roof, and to have incurred *her* displeasure, by an apparent neglect of what would have given *him* the greatest delight. His sorrows seemed as if they never would end, every action of his existence was unpropitious—nothing he ever undertook succeeded, and at twenty years of age he found himself the unsuccessful attemptor of an elopement, the murderer of a fellow creature, and the object of contempt to the girl he adored!

And there is one thing observable in all Musgrave's adventures which is this,

that wherever he failed in any design, the destruction of his hopes was rendered more grievous by the flattering prospects which always preceded their downfall; he was unsuccesful, as it were, by mere accident, and met with sorrows from the most unexpected sources, just at the instant he was on the brink of happiness.

There is nothing, perhaps, so melancholy in the world as pursuing an object without overtaking it.—Shooting without ever bringing down a bird; fishing without ever getting a bite; or making love without ever winning a heart, are all much of the same species; and in this class of miseries is to be noticed the supreme one of riding twelve miles an hour after a beautiful girl without being able to catch her.

This was Musgrave's case, his old luck pursued him; in the first stage, though the chaise flew after the tails of the horses, he was stopped for an hour by the breaking of the traces; in the second, fifty

minutes delay occurred from the falling of one of the wheelers in descending a hill; and in the third, his progress was impeded for a space of time exceeding that consumed in both his other accidents, by the axle-tree cracking into a thousand pieces, as they were rattling over the road in the middle of a heath, from which the nearest village was distant seven miles at least.

"Ill luck--ill luck, for ever:" exclaimed the poor distressed lover—"it really is too much to be borne.—What have I done to deserve this combination of accidents to destroy my comfort?—What fate pursues me with such unrelenting severity?"

Here he was thrown out of his conveyance without a possibility of proceeding, with nothing in the world to cast one ray of comfort over the gloom in which he was involved, when a stage coach coming in sight, he resolved at all events to get into it if there was room for him, as of course this *voiture* would proceed on the

same road as the fair dames he was pursuing, and with greater speed, so that he would still have a chance of overtaking them; and when ever that occurred, it would be not more difficult to disengage himself from a public vehicle than from a private one. Indeed the former had one advantage over the latter, which was, that its appearance would not be so likely to create suspicions in the mind of Mrs. Vincent, if they should chance to clash upon the road.

I have known an ardent lover not recollecting the *back* of a hostile parent's carriage drive boldly up to the *front* of it, at the imminent hazard of betraying himself, and involving the angelic girl in the confusion his detection would have occasioned; but he was a desperate dog, and determined to make one effort, with the same degree of resolution that an angler, after having in vain endeavoured to entice the fish to his bait, throws away his line and *hook*, and casts a thief net to

seize them *by force*, when he cannot succeed by stratagem.

The vehicle arrived at the spot where Musgrave's broken chaise was lying, when having enquired if there was a vacant place, and having received an answer in the affirmative, he jumped into the coach in which were already seated four passengers.

The first of these was an old fat gentlewoman, who had been taking peppermint for a pain in her stomach, and who having into the bargain a violent cold in her face, peremptorily refused every body the privilege of lowering the glass of the window, except herself; and to prevent the possibility of increasing the torment she endured in her cheek, she was very tenacious of letting in any of the atmospheric air, observing, with a whiff of her peppermint, that she "was troubled enough with the *wind* already!"

The second was an elderly gentleman,

who was much in the habit of holding forth at those *petites assemblées* of fools and fanatics, yclept methodist meetings; he appeared deep in thought, and neither Edward, nor his fellow travellers seemed in the least inclined to disturb him from his *reverie*.

The third was an Irish gentleman, well known in what are termed the sporting circles, who having dashed down to some of the races in the northern part of England, had been *done* out of all his ready money, and a curricle, in which he had travelled, with the horses, and equipments thereunto appertaining: this Hibernian hero was engaged in a political dispute with the plump peppermint-taking dame; and the question they were arguing was, whether an expedition to the *undiscovered* parts of the American Continent might not be conducive to the decrease of the price of provision; and they mutually agreed in wondering why the *talents* of

the country had not been already employed in such an enterprize.

The fourth and last inhabitant of this leathern conveniency, was a girl of about seventeen, who (as it appeared in the sequel) was going to London, to undertake the office of assistant in a Ladies boarding school near Chelsea. She was very pretty, very timid, and very silent, three great recommendations to a young lady still in her teens. There was a modesty in her manner, and a retiring bashfulness so evident in her countenance whenever the Milesian gentleman played off his jokes upon her, that pleased Edward, and interested him very much in her behalf:—from all ideas, but amicable ones, pray reader exonerate him, for his heart was Harriet's, and he thought of no one else.

In the course of a short time he was, however, induced to take part in the conversation, which grew general, till at length the old methodist in the corner,

after glancing at the immoralities of the age began thus:—

"I heard," said he "yesterday, a circumstance that shocked me beyond description—sir, as I passed through Gretna Green yesterday morning, on my way from Glasgow, whither I journeyed to hear some sermons of my friend Mac Itchen's, I encountered a funeral procession which, on enquiry, I found to be that of a young man who had been shot in a duel."

Here Musgrave's attention was roused—"And," continued he, "they tell me that the rascal who murdered him (for murder it is, sir) only quarrelled with him because he found fault with his carrying off a young lady against her own consent, who was very much attached to him."

"Then they have told you a falsehood," said Edward, firing up at the misrepresentation he heard given of his own character.

"Well, young gentleman, don't be in a passion;" replied the old philosopher.—

"Whether the matter be exactly as I have stated or not, there is no excuse whatever for one man's shooting another in a duel."

"Upon my honor," said the Irish gentleman, "and I cannot agree with you; I'll be glad to know, sir, what you call the seduction of a sister, or the alienation of a mistress' affections? I am no fighter, but by God, sir, I should'nt mind losing my life *twenty times* in *a year* in such causes."

"Well, sir," replied the sage, "there is a difference of opinion; it *must* exist in the world, and therefore we had better not pursue the subject."

"Oh, well," cried the honest Hibernian, "I'll drop it—only I'll be glad to be told, which is the worse character of the two—the man who ruins innocence, or the man who shoots *him* that *has* ruined it?—'Gad, sir, the one is as white as this lady's gown, in comparison to the other, which is as black as the horses that are drawing us."

"May be so;" replied the old satirist, glad of an opportunity to turn the joke upon his antagonist, "may be so, sir; for the horses which are drawing us are *white!*"

"White! are they, sir?"—bawled O'Connor—"White!—Egad I'll be happy to bet you a dozen of claret on that."

"I will not rob you;" answered the methodist—"for I saw them before we set out, and noticed them particularly."

"Oh, you'll not rob me;" said O'Connor—"by the powers, but I wish you'd take the wager—only look at the shadow, you foolish fellow—look upon the road—look at the shadow of the horses—Is'nt it black?"—

"Well, sir."

"Look, and by the Holy, did you ever hear of a white horse making a *black shadow!*—Oh, you ninny."

This unfortunate Irishism turned the laugh against O'Connor; and Musgrave, with his usual luck, having got into so-

ciety where his own conduct was the topic of conversation, endeavoured to avert it, by enquiring of the plump lady, "whether it was business or pleasure that called her to the metropolis?"

"Why, sir," said she, "I'll tell you—you must know, I have a daughter living with the Countess of Darkley as a lady's maid, and she is about eighteen, sir; and as I always thought of a quiet, cooseling kind of a disposition, without any more vice or wickedness in her than a baby of a week old.—Well, sir, if you'd believe it, the young jade has been fool enough to listen to the lies of one of my lady's footmen, who has pretended to be in love with her, and she wants me to let her marry him."

"Well!" said Edward, finding he had with his usual fortune hit upon *another* subject, the discussion of which would naturally produce some reflections upon his conduct with Harriet.

"Well, sir," continued the dame, "and

I am going to town to insist upon her never seeing this whipper-snapper any more; and if she wont agree to that, I'll bring her home, and force her from him; for, sir, I've no notion of a parcel of pert girls choosing for themselves—have you, sir?" cried she, appealing to Musgrave.

"Why so far as this, madam," replied he, "I think wherever the parent's sanction can be given with propriety it should never be withheld."

"With propriety—mighty well!" said the mother; "but what propriety is there in a girl's liking a footman? Why, sir, if a girl was ever so fond of you, and you knew her mother did not wish her to have you, I am sure you would not persuade her, for a minute, to forget her duty to her parent. Why, sir, I would not for the world have a footman for to be my son-in-law. Her father when he was alive was as honest a tradesman as any in Manchester, and her uncle is at this moment a major in the army."

"Really!" said the methodist, "that makes a difference—a major, is he?"

"Yes, he is," replied the lady, "he is *drum-major* in a regiment of the line; so that without no disparagement at all, a footman is not the husband for her."

Edward as usual had hit upon a wrong topic, and in similar discussions to these did they proceed on their journey, till seeing the smoke of London not many miles before him, he was much surprized at not having overtaken the Vincents, as he was convinced they could not have travelled with half the speed of the coach.

He, therefore, took the first opportunity of enquiring of the coachman the reason of their still continuing behind a carriage that was going so much slower?

"Why, sir," said the man, "there is one reason which settles it all.—The post horses run the *upper*, and we turned off the common into the *lower* road, and we shall come into town at Shoreditch, they by Highgate and Tottenham-court Road."

"Then I am the most unfortunate fellow under the sun," exclaimed Musgrave. "Here again I am foiled in every design of my heart, every wish of my soul.—What time shall we reach London?"

"By four o'clock, sir," was the answer; and in the full contemplation of his misery, he resumed his seat in the vehicle, and proceeded with a heavy heart to town.

In consequence of a delay, however, occasioned by a trifling accident which occurred to the coach, they did not arrive at the *Belle Sauvage* upon Ludgate Hill, till a quarter past seven, and it was near eight o'clock before the passengers and their luggage were clear of the vehicle.

The methodist and the old lady went off immediately to their respective destinations; but the Irish gentleman fixed himself upon the girl mentioned as being intended for a situation in a school, and appeared so earnestly to sue for permission to attend her to Chelsea, whither she had declared she was going, that Edward,

who had watched his proceedings, perfectly aware of his national character for gallantry, and perfectly assured of the weakness of female resolution when attacked in the garb of politeness and attention, determined, if possible, as an atonement for the destruction of one fellow-creature to save the peace and virtue of another.

He therefore seized an opportunity while O'Connor was absent, of telling the young woman his opinion on the subject, advising her by all means to sleep at the inn that night, adding that if she chose to trust herself to him, he would the next morning escort her to the place of her destination.

Now, by what authority Edward took upon himself this guardianship of beauty, it is hard to determine; but certain it is, that the young lady did not appear at all averse to allowing his right of government; for she immediately accepted his offer, and followed his advice, to the great discomfiture of her Hibernian *chaperone*.

Women, generally speaking, have a prodigious talent of following the path of propriety; particularly when it leads whither their own inclinations point; and without doing any violence either to the judgment, the character, or disposition, of the fair traveller, I am apt to suspect that Edward's superiority of manner and appearance, had some little weight with her in her decision.

There is a lady in the great metropolis of London, who has a gradation of acquaintance from the peer to the 'prentice, and if she happens to be in any public place, she generally begins by associating with the lowest; but it is always remarked, that if she sees a baronet, she discards the knight, who is holding her arm, while the baronet in his turn gives way to the peer, and thus by her adroitness she contrives at last to sport the best company in the room.

So, with our young friend, the Irishman was a mighty good sort of body till the

young Englishman addressed her, and then with discretion for her occulist, her eyes suddenly were opened to the impropriety of walking four miles with him in the *dark*, and at the *same* moment by the *same* means, she clearly perceived the rectitude of suffering the other gentleman to attend her the same distance in the morning.

Edward was really a good creature, and this action of his, which may and will be laughed at by the mad-headed lads of the day as a fine trick, was merely the result of his feelings. He saw a young and unprotected creature entering a metropolis where vice and folly reign supreme; and he thought it was possible for him to preserve her from ruin, which he conceived she was in the high road to, under the care of O'Connor, he should be doing an action worthy a man and a Christian in effecting her rescue.

Having therefore arranged his plan, he changed his dress, strolled into a neigh-

bouring coffee-house, and calling for tea, seated himself near the fire to consider how he should amuse away the next three or four hours.

He first thought of the theatre; but there was no inducement. The old plays he had seen perpetually, and the new ones were not worth seeing at all.

He then conceived the idea of going into the gallery of the House of Commons, another theatre; but like the playhouses in Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the actors were for the most part very bad; for under the new management, a company had been engaged, who had no genius of their own, and who had not application to get perfect in their parts.

They had shewn an inclination to produce several pieces it was true; but two or three of those which were actually on the point of being brought out under the auspices of the manager had been withdrawn after the first or second rehearsal.

Besides there was another bar to his

partaking the pleasures of senatorial altercation—the parliament was dissolved. It had melted into

" Levis aura ;"

and the actors had gone into the country to practise, upon provincial *stages*, the parts they were to play in town. But with respect to these political comedians, it has been observed with some shrewdness, that though many of them are very PROMISING men, there are very few who PERFORM even decently.

While he was ruminating upon his line of conduct for the evening, the door suddenly opened, and gaily equipped for a party, an old friend of his entered the coffee-room.

The mutual enquiries and answers which passed between Edward and his schoolfellow, Jack Milford, are not sufficiently interesting to repeat. Suffice it therefore to say, that Jack after having rallied his friend on the elopement, the duel, and all his other acts of failure, persuaded him to

accompany him to an amateur concert in Portman Square, whither he was going with the privilege of introducing a friend.

Jack Milford was just two and twenty, of a commanding figure and manner—He was a *dasher*, and was known at all the coffee-houses about town; he was the greatest epicure in the world, knew where to seek green fat in a turtle, and *bonnes bouches* in a haunch, belonged to eighteen clubs, was intimate with nine aldermen, and always dined at every public dinner in London.

One day he was a zealous supporter of the Literary Fund, though he could hardly write; on another he was anxiously employed in the service of "The Welsh Charity Children;" though he did not care if they were all starved; on a third he was forwarding the interests of "The Indigent Blind;" and on a fifth espousing the cause of "Insolvent Debtors;" and all for the sake of *eating* and *drinking*.

Fits of the gout, and horrible illnesses

were the natural consequences of this conduct, and at twenty-two, Jack Milford was actually a martyr to his *benevolent* disposition.

Under the patronage of this gentleman, Edward jumped into a hackney coach, and proceeded to the amateur concert, at which, as he really was fond of music, he flattered himself he should feel some gratification.

Poor unhappy Musgrave! nothing but disappointments await you; however let us be silent for the present, and follow them into the room, where sat assembled all the *cognoscenti* of the country.

CHAP. XI.

GENTLE reader! were you ever at an amateur concert? because if you never were you can form no idea of its charms—

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young;"

she never could have been so tormented as she is in a party of amateurs now that she is come to years of discretion.

In the gay assembly into which Edward was now introduced, the fiddlers were amateurs, the host was an amateur, his wife was an amateur, his children were amateurs, the company were amateurs, and the servants were amateurs.

In the first place, there were but two drawing rooms upon the floor of this house, and the back drawing room was

turned into an orchestra. The front apartment was appropriated to the audience, who were stuck into rows so closely squeezed together, that when one of the party was seized with a *twinge* of admiration, the twist he or she gave to the body operated upon the whole rank, and they were immediately put into a general motion, like nodding Mandarines upon a chimney piece.

Besides three rows of seated connoisseurs, there were myriads of young men not indulged with chairs, who were obliged to stand and admire, till not only their heads were splitting with the noise, but their legs aching with fatigue, and these juvenile judges were so completely wedged in, and so dependent for action one upon another, that

"Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
"Trans pontum frigat et terris immittit aprices."

In a covey like manner, if one had occa-

sion to leave the room, the whole flight were disturbed to give him way to pass.

Thus was arranged the most outré collection of animals Edward had ever beheld, for he had never been at *Pidcock's* or the *Tower;* and the audience of this concert were only equalled by the creatures in those menageries, and only *excelled* by the band of performers who were playing for their amusement.

The *leader* of this band, could not play six notes together correctly; the gentleman who blew into the top of an oboe, could never make it sound when he wanted, but always made it emit a hideous squeak when he was particularly anxious to keep it silent.

The heroes who wound the *horns,* though married men, were not *au fait* with the instruments, but aided by two *asthmatic* bassoon players, produced sounds, to find a simile for which, would subject me to the censure of my readers. I am

unhappy that the comparison would be indelicate—

Oh! *Fato* crudele."

A gentleman very active with the violin-cello was scratching the strings till

"His too solid flesh *did* melt,
"Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

to the total defiance of time and harmony, and to prove his judgment when the leader of the band, during a solo, called to him—"Sir, sir—there are ten bars rest here." He bawled out, scraping with increasd fury, "Rest!—Psha, what should I rest for? I am *not tired in the least*, I thank you!"

Oh, blest shades of *Mozart* and *Handel*, why did not your canonized bones resume their wonted action, and rise in the centre of these murderers of your music!

At length a miss, with a nose of an extraordinary formation, came forward to sing; with her nose I do not mean to find

fault; but as that excellent author Colman observes,

"Though the prejudice goes
"Very strongly in favor of wearing a nose,
"Yet a nose should not look like a *snout*."

Now her's certainly had a *snoutish* appearance; but as ladies do not sing through the nasal promontory in general, the audience looked below to the mouth, which in justice to the nose I must observe was full as frightful, if not more so.

At length silence being obtained, with a pair of hands like bunches of radishes, she ran over the keys of the piano forte, and taken in the "Jack Ketch" sense of the word, she *executed* the air in a complete style. But her voice, when it came, was so divine, that every body in the room would have rejoiced if the gods had kept it entirely to themselves.

She squalled to that degree, that the lemonade glasses vibrated with the noise, the candles actually melted at the sound;

and amateurs roared *brava*, *brava*, at the same time twisting their faces into the contortions of a society of sick monkies.

She curtsied as she finished, and retired. Another symphony succeeded, Beethoven's name resounded through the room, and the poor master was mutilated, while one miss, closing her eyes, cried to a beau next her—"Mon dieu, how delightful;" and another, with a look which stamped her contempt, exclaimed—"How charmingly Miss Laurina played that concerto."

In the midst of all this harmony, Edward was not a little surprized by the entrance of Lady Rosemore, decked out in all the grandeur of diamonds and drapery; a bow of black crape, pinned in the centre of her dress, indicated mourning for her seventeenth cousin, Savage, whose death she had only heard of in the morning. Her affliction for the loss of a relation was, however, not sufficient to prevent her attending so gay a party. She saw Mus-

grave in a moment, and after exclaiming—"My God! who should have expected to have seen you here!—Why, I thought you were in prison for shooting Savage—I'm sure you deserve it"—she seated herself among a party of her acquaintance, and amused herself by pointing out our hero as a disappointed lover, and the murderer of a man o fashion.

The whisper ran round the room, and the unfortunate Edward was as usual betrayed into an unpleasant dilemma, by his fate, from which he contrived, however, to extricate himself by leaving the party, in which flight (with difficulty effected) Jack Milford accompanied him.

Edward would not have had Lady Rosemore see him in a party for the world, it must have the appearance of a total want of feeling towards Harriet, and towards the man he had killed, and how to explain away his conduct he knew not.

Milford proposed some supper, and at Stevens's they took refreshment. He

talked of the claret, and it was called for; glass succeeded glass, bottle followed bottle, till imperceptibly the facetious Jack, and the distressed Edward, became so extremely gay, that at three o'clock in the morning it was thought expedient by the waiters to conduct them to a hackney coach they had in attendance.

Having seated themselves, the man was desired to proceed to Ludgate-hill, but they had not made much way on their journey before Milford proposed knocking up a female friend of his, who lived in Portland street, and who, though he had not paid her a visit for nearly two months; would he was sure give them a bed; or at least part of one, observing that it would be a much better plan than going into the city at that late hour.

Edward by far *too agreeable* to *disagree* to any proposal, readily assented, and the coach was ordered to a particular number in Portland Street, to which point hasten-

ing with all speed, they soon reached the desired spot in safety.

To prevent any disturbance, they discharged their *jarvy*, and having ascertained the door, Jack thundered at it most violently—no answer was given—a second rap assailed the portal

"Vastis tremit ictibus."

This had not the desired effect—a third did the business. The bolts were drawn, and the door softly opened by a female, who *softly* enquired, what their business might be?—

Jack *softly* answered, by *softly* squeezing the maid in his arms, *softly* printing a kiss upon her cheek, and *softly* pushing her back, he *softly* entered the passage—(the house passage.)

Edward followed his leader, and the woman immediately, with a voice resembling thunder, as closely as her looks did lightning, called the watch—rattles

were sprung—"Thieves—thieves!" was the word, and the door was shortly surrounded by the guardians of the night.

Jack, always expert, bolted through the back door, and, sobered by the alarm, scaled the garden wall, and dropped into a mews at the back of the house.

Edward pursued by misfortune, intoxicated as he was, ran up the bed-room stairs, persuaded that his companion was safely closetted with his *chère amie*, the mistress of the house; when what was his horror, his astonishment and surprize, on his reaching the top of the flight, to find himself standing, or rather reeling before his own, his adorable HARRIET VINCENT!

This was the climax of his miseries, and without waiting for any thing more than a shriek of horror from the lovely girl, he rushed down stairs, and was given in charge to the attending watchmen.

The truth of the matter was, that the house had changed its inhabitants since Milford had visited it, and it had been hired that

very day, by Mrs. Vincent, for her residence during her stay in town.

But strange to say, Mrs. Vincent herself at the time of this confusion was *not* at home. She had been invited to a ball and supper, by a friend, on her arrival in town (to which Harriet for many reasons did not choose to accompany her) and she was not then returned from it.

This accounts for the door of the house being opened by the drowsy servant, who expecting her mistress naturally threw wide the portal and admitted the enemy.

The watchmen, however, were taking charge of Edward, who by this time was in a state of much greater sobriety than he was at his first entrance into the house, when the heavenly disposition of Harriet displayed itself in glowing colors.

Insulted, outraged, and abused as she was by the conduct of Musgrave, resolved as she was never to speak to him again, after behaviour so grossly indicative of a total forgetfulness of her—even with these

feelings, the amiable girl could not endure, that he should suffer confinement, even one night, in what she imagined a prison.

Thus it was, with that goodness for which she was always celebrated, at the risk of her character, at the hazard of her fair fame, did she rush down stairs, and by declaring to the men who had her Edward in custody, "that he was an acquaintance, whose misconduct only proceeded from inebriety—*did she release him!*"

He was immediately liberated, and with the ardour of his disposition would have thanked her for her benevolence on his knees; but resuming her character, and acting upon the feelings of wounded delicacy, when she had followed the dictates of noble friendship, she ordered the door to be closed upon him, and after extorting a promise from the servant (the only one then in the house) that she would not mention the circumstance to her mo-

ther, with a heart bursting with grief at Musgrave's conduct, she retired to her room.

What a multitude of reflections intruded themselves at this moment upon the unhappy girl's imagination !—what an escape had she experienced in being parted from a man, who in four short days had so entirely forgotten her, that regardless of decency and propriety, he could launch into the most riotous and licencious extremes of debauchery.

But even then her forgiving spirit whispered something like a justification of his conduct—Might his sorrows not have tempted him to have recourse to wine; and might he not have swallowed more than prudence dictated, only to avoid reflection ?—it might be so; but that he should force himself into her mother's house, and into *her* presence, while in a state of intoxication, was a circumstance she could not account for; for she did not understand that his visit was paid by *mis-*

take, and least of all did she suspect it was intended for *another female*.

If any thing can be adduced to check the rage for drinking, so detestably prevalent among the young men of the day, surely the consideration of consequences might have some effect.

"O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"

While there is a gratification in drinking, for the satisfaction of thirst, or even while the *taste* of wine is pleasant, there *may be* an excuse for swallowing it; but when itself has robbed the votary of Bacchus, (as a drunkard is termed,) of the power of discrimination, nay, when the very flavor of the liquor itself becomes nauseous, what excuse can the wittiest bring for sottishness?

Does it improve the person?—no, what figure is so disgusting as that of an invete-

rate drinker?—Does it add lustre to wit?—no, for what character is so nearly allied to folly as a man intoxicated?—Does it benefit the constitution?—no, for where is the drunkard who is a healthy man?

Are not the brightest talents made of nothing worth by perpetual intoxication? Is not the statesman degraded, and the wit rendered contemptible by a constant and habitual use of wine? Have we not examples before us, where every earthly qualification is marred by it, and where poverty and ignominy are the reward of exertions weakened by its influence, which used with sobriety and temperance, would deserve, and might have received, the meed of honour, and the wreath of fame?

The madman is a mischievous member of society, yet in the knowledge of his disease, we possess the power of restraining his fury; but the wisest and best of men, heated with wine, may in the hour of intoxication commit not only acts of folly but of vice; the secret of his friend

may be betrayed, the honor of his mistress vilified, nay—there have been instances where in the heat of drunkenness, *murder* has been committed by the most virtuous of characters.

In the very instance before us, Edward Musgrave, with a heart wholly Harriet's, his fate actually entwined with her's, without a thought but for her happiness, without a wish but for her comfort, by the force of wine so completely committed himself, that she, with a spirit highly commenda ble before her mother returned, resolved NEVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN ! ! !

Poor Edward himself was not very happy in his mind as he walked seriously to the city, and it was with no small difficulty he could be persuaded by Jack Milford, who had arrived at the Belle Sau vage before him, and was waiting for him, to go to rest.

He had offended Harriet, his conduct must corroborate his apparent neglect of her at the inn where they met; and when

he considered all the circumstances that had occurred since his parting with her at Gretna Green, his brain was actually affected; he raved of her, he cried, and tore his hair, he was uncertain how to act, he had no rival—should he again apply to her mother? no, she would still be obdurate—what was to be done? he at length resolved: he was first, according to his promise, to accompany Miss Greenford, his travelling companion, to Chelsea in the morning, and on his return to town, he would write an explanatory letter to Harriet, which, as he had, in his misfortune, discovered her residence, he imagined might easily be delivered to her clandestinely.

He therefore retired to rest after taking leave of his FRIEND, and remained in bed, though without once closing his eyes till nine in the morning; when descending to the parlour, he desired the waiter to tell the young lady, that if it was agreeable to her, he would take breakfast with her, as

he thought it expedient they should in some degree become acquainted with each other, before they set out upon their little journey.

They accordingly met, and she, with the candour of youth, related her story to him, and informed him that she was the daughter of a clergyman in the north of England, who, from the largeness of his family, was compelled to place some of them in the most elegible situations he could procure for them; that this was the first time of her leaving home, and that she was particularly obliged to Musgrave for the trouble he was about to take upon her account.

In such conversation did their time pass, when having forwarded her luggage by an errand cart, she set out under the protection of our hero for her new situation.

It was almost eleven when they left the inn, and the girl, naturally delighted and surprised with the grandeur and bustle of the metropolis, seemed to regret that they had not occasion to traverse more of it,

than came under their notice in their progress to Chelsea.

Upon reaching Piccadilly, Edward, to gratify her desire of *seeing*, entered the Green-park at the gate nearest the Basin, and proceeded by the ranger's house towards Grosvenor-place.

It was during their march up Constitution-hill, that the wind blowing rather freshly, a tippet, which was tied on the lady's neck, blew aside, and Edward with his usual gallantry, without letting go the arm he held, adjusted it with the one he had at liberty, and in this tender mode of accommodating the lady, he was suddenly surprised at a turn in the walk by MRS. VINCENT and HER DAUGHTER ! ! !

Here was his luck—Harriet turned pale and had nearly fainted in her mother's arms ; he coloured, trembled, and without noticing them, passed on.

He could not resist, he stopped, looked back, so did Harriet, and with an expression of countenance that would have

melted a heart of stone, caught away her eyes the moment they met Edward's.

"You know those ladies," said Miss Greenford, "do not let me prevent your joining them I beg, I am sure I can find my way."

"Know them," exclaimed Musgrave, "know them—Oh—yes, yes I *do* indeed."

"I must beg," replied she, "that you will leave me and follow them."

"No, madam," said Edward, "it must not be; what will she think, what suppose, that her Edward is a villain—but to Providence alone I trust to undeceive her."

He was no longer an agreeable companion to Miss Greenford, not a word did he speak, he thought her the most odious creature he had ever seen, and when they reached the door of the house into which she was going, he bade her good morning, without exactly knowing whether he stood upon his head or his heels, and turning from the steps he set off towards town with

the most agonizing sensations he had ever experienced.

"————————Æstuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor & conscia Virtus.
ÆN. lib. 12. ver. 666.

CHAP. VII.

PERHAPS never was man so pursued by misfortune as our hero; criminated by the most potent of all evidence, ocular demonstration; he had twice in the course of twelve hours been thrown under the observation of his lovely Harriet, and in such situations as made it impossible for her to doubt his guilt.

The former incident occurred while in a state of inebriation, and by pleading folly he might have obtained forgiveness, but here, in *sober sadness*, did she behold him in the broad noon of day, with the greatest familiarity, and the most perfect *nonchalance*, adjusting the tippet of a young lady,

(and a pretty one too,) hanging on his arm in the Green-park.

What an insult to her feelings, what a proof of falsehood, to have lost the recollection of a girl so fascinating as she must be conscious she was, in so short a time, and with a fickleness amounting to villainy, to be sporting off another in one of the most tonish lounges in London!

Her mother did not fail to enlarge upon this subject; and however unwilling Harriet might be to concede to any thing which implicated her Edward's honour, facts are stubborn things, and what she had seen, could hardly be opposed as a defence against her parent's allegations.

This was Mrs. Vincent's triumph; now it was that she expatiated upon the miraculous preservation of her child from the clutches of such a villain as Musgrave, at the same time adducing all the mishaps which delayed the consummation of the ceremony, as the wonderful interposition of an

all seeing Providence, who with a carefulness a disobedient mortal hardly deserved, had snatched from ruin the votary of deception, and the victim of vice.

In this manner did she exult over the feelings of the broken-hearted Harriet, who trembled at the propriety of her mother's arguments; to be deceived in Edward—was it possible HE could be false? she still hoped not.

When she recollected the conversation that had passed at the Cottage between them, when enfolded in his arms they had sealed them with a kiss, the solemn ratification of their engagements to each other, and recalled the words with which he pleaded his passion, when she retraced the glow of animation that lighted up his countenance as he gazed upon her, she could not imagine that the ingenuous Musgrave could ever be a traitor.

For him and his feelings there is hardly a mortal hardened enough not to shed a tear; his heart was actually breaking, he

spoke unconsciously, talked of Harriet, looked wildly, and by his actions induced every body at the inn to imagine him disordered in his senses; at length having in some degree calmed the tumult in his breast, he sat down and wrote the following letter to Harriet:

Belle Sauvage Inn, Ludgate-hill.

"My dearest Harriet,

"How shall I address you, how convince you of my innocence? appearances are strongly against me: you know my general luck, you will make allowances for ill fortune, and not deny me the mercy I implore; O Harriet if I were to write volumes I could not express my feelings at this moment—my conduct last night, my appearance this morning—good God what must you think of me? angel of goodness I am not the wretch I seem to be; by letter I cannot explain the circumstances which will exonerate me; but we shall meet, and then I shall be able to convince you, in-

deed, indeed, best of girls, I am, as I ever shall be,

Yours inviolably, and devotedly,

EDWARD MUSGRAVE."

"Cannot you contrive an arrangement for an interview."

Having finished this epistle, he began to reflect on the best method of getting it conveyed, and for this purpose planned a thousand schemes, each of which, after deliberation, he found to be impracticable; at length he recollected that Harriet had a friend resident in a street near that in which their present habitation was fixed, on whose honor he determined to rely; but the same reasons which kept him from the Vincent's, prevented his appearing at the Hammond's, therefore this letter to be conveyed to Harriet must first be given to Miss Hammond, and the person who delivered it *must not* be himself.

What was now to done? here he was at fault, he knew nobody of their acquaint-

ance, none of their connexions, and it was at this juncture, that by the merest accident in the world, a gentleman entered the coffee-room whom he recollected *once* to have seen with them and the Vincent's.

They mutually saluted each other, and as Edward was on the point of ordering dinner, he observed, that if it was agreeable, they might dine together: to this the other replying in the affirmative, they sat down in the same box, and while the repast was preparing, Edward began to beat about the points he had to enforce to his companion.

This friend, whose name was Wilmore, was, as it happened, going that very evening to a party at Hammond's, where doubtless the Vincent's would be; this knowledge gained, Musgrave after dinner broke his mind to him, and *he* with all the readiness that characterises youth, instantly caught the design, and volunteered his services as the Mercury of the business.

To *his* care then was the dispatch con-

fided, and Edward's heart did not flutter a little, as he saw him leave the coffee-room on his embassy, which, however, he would not suffer him to do till he had promised to return after the party, and report progress.

To describe Edward's anxiety, or to account for the method by which he wasted time till half past twelve, would be only to tire the reader with reflections—suffice it to say, that as the dial pointed to the midway figure between the last hour of night, and the first of morning, his eyes were blessed with the sight of Wilmore entering the room with the smile of triumph on his countenance.

"Has she got it?" exclaimed Musgrave, "Yes, by Jupiter, and has consented to meet you."

"To meet me?" cried he.

"Yes, to-morrow morning, with Miss Hammond in Kensington-gardens at eleven o'clock," replied Wilmore; "you are a lucky dog; she is the sweetest girl in Europe, and she loves you."

"Bless her, bless her," whispered Edward! "she is an angel."

"And what do you think of Lucy Hammond?" said Wilmore.

"Oh she is another angel," cried he, she is the angel of goodness, *and will meet her reward in heaven.*"

"I hope on *earth* first," said Wilmore. "I caught an opportunity," continued he, "of speaking to her alone, and I simply asked her, if she was in the confidence of Miss Vincent, her answer was yes, I asked her if she would give her the letter, her answer was yes again; so that though two negatives make an affirmative, two affirmatives do not make a negative."

"True," cried Edward, enchanted with the prospect of the meeting, "well, and what then?"

"Why then," said Wilmore, "I gave her the note, and joined the party; she called Harriet Vincent out of the room, and of course gave her the letter, for while we were at supper, Lucy, sitting next to

me, whispered the message in answer, which I have delivered to you."

"And to-morrow then, I shall see my dear, dear girl again," said Musgrave.

"To be sure you will," replied Wilmore, "and as you are to be with her early, I would advise you to retire to rest directly, it is now late, and eleven is fixed for the hour, be there before your time, for *punctuality* in love is tardiness; so heaven bless you, and prosper you, in your undertaking."

"Ten thousand thanks, my good sir," said Musgrave, taking his hand, "I shall never be able to repay you for this kindness."

"Well then," said Wilmore, "I must be like Lucy Hammond, and meet my reward *in a better world*; for the present, however, good night: I have no doubt that you will be able to cancel all these obligations by coming down to a house I have got in Berkshire, and spending a few weeks with

me, we shall then be equally indebted to each other."

In these, and similar acknowledgements, did they spend the last ten minutes of the time they were together, and when they parted, Edward retired to rest with a heart considerably lighter than it was when he rose in the morning, and elated with the idea of the interview with his angelic girl, after desiring to be called by nine o'clock, he fell into a profound sleep, undisturbed by sad reflections, or unpleasantdreams.

When the hour arrived at which he had desired to be awakened, the servant who officiated as lark to rouse him from his slumbers, entered his room, and Edward having hastily made his toilet, proceeded to breakfast, when his anticipated happiness was turned to the deepest sorrow, by observing it to be the most rainy morning that he had ever beheld.

This put an end to the promised meeting, the ladies could not, even if they had

the wish, venture to Kensington-gardens in such inclement weather; what was therefore the best plan to pursue? something he thought was necessary to do, to avert the ill fortune that still haunted him: at length he resolved upon visiting the street in which the Hammonds resided.

For this purpose, envelopping himself in a great coat, and arming himself with an umbrella, he repaired to the vicinity of their house, and in passing, as if accidentally before the windows, caught a glimpse of Lucy Hammond, who at the same moment saw him.

Conscious of having been noticed, he did not know how to act, whether to continue his perambulation, or to return quietly to the Belle Savauge and see whether the ladies would condescend to write to him any account of their movements.

While he was in this state of doubt, he was accosted by a gentleman he immediately recognised to be young Mr. Hammond's tutor, who finding himself remem-

bered by our hero, told him that he had a note for him from a lady.

"My dear sir," said Edward, "I really am most particularly obliged to you."

"Oh don't mention it," replied the tutor, "here is the note, and Miss Hammond desires me to say how sorry she is that the weather prevented her going out as she intended: there is no answer," added *he*, "therefore I will not detain you, sir, but wish you a very good morning."

"A thousand thanks, sir," said Edward, you will give my best love to the ladies."

"Certainly, sir," was the last words the gentleman uttered, and the moment he had turned the corner of the street, Edward with a natural impatience, broke open the note, and to his great *disappointment* read as follows:

"You must be well convinced how very unpleasant this clandestine correspondence is to my friend and myself; we intreat you as you value our happiness to give up any further intercourse; we are

going to day to the Cottage, and will if possible contrive to see you there."

LUCY HAMMOND."

To the Cottage, said Edward, then I will proceed homeward to day, and by getting down at the village before them, prevent the suspicion that they are the causes of my going there at all.

This resolution, formed on the impulse of the moment, was as hastily put in execution; he returned immediately to the Belle Sauvage, and ordering a post chaise, settled his account, packed up his baggage, and set off for his father's house, whence he had been absent exactly a WEEK.

CHAP. XIII.

EDWARD arrived at home about four in the afternoon, and his father, whom he had made acquainted with the cause of his absence, received him with open arms ; after the first enquiries and salutations were past, the old gentleman, however, could not refrain from saying a few words on the subject of his conduct.

" My dear boy," exclaimed the parent, " there are two parts of your expedition to Scotland which I disapprove extremely, the one is the undertaking of it at all, and the other is the failing of it as you did undertake ; I like every thing to succeed, let it be what it may." " However," continued he, " the warmth of your temper certainly got the better of your discretion in this in-

stance, for had you applied to me instead of to Mrs. Vincent, I could have settled the business in a very brief manner, at least so I imagine."

"Indeed, sir," said Edward.

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Musgrave, "you should have made a confidant of me; there is nobody who has the interest of a young man at heart so much as his father, nobody is there therefore, who can be trusted with so much reliance; yes, Edward, had you only informed me of your wishes upon the subject, I am almost certain that the mother of Miss Vincent would not have withheld her consent to your marriage an hour, she certainly could have had no reasonable grounds for so doing."

"And is it too late now, sir?" enquired the anxious son.

"To be plain with you Edward, NO; it may be arranged *now*, it shall be arranged *now*."

"Ten thousand thousand blessings my dear father," cried the enraptured boy.

"Is Mrs. Vincent here at present," enquired the old gentleman.

"She will be here, sir, in the course of the day," replied he.

"Well, Edward," continued his father, "then we will send this letter to the Cottage, which I wrote in readiness, in case you should approve my plan; believe me the communication I here propose to make, will settle all differences between you and Mrs. Vincent, read what I have said."

Edward took up the paper, and read as follows:

"MADAM,

"Understanding an attachment exists between your daughter and my son, and having no wish but his happiness, as I conclude your sentiments with regard to Miss Vincent are nearly similar, I think if there is a possibility of accommodating matters for their marriage without a violation of propriety or reason, it would be advisable by all means to have it effected; for that pur-

pose, madam, I have a communication to make, which, I think, will throw a new light upon the subject, and warrant our proceeding in the business, as I know nothing would give me greater pleasure than a connexion between our families; I have to request a meeting on the subject as early as it may suit your convenience, and in the hope that we may be more closely allied, I have the honor to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect,

Your very humble servant,

JAMES MUSGRAVE."

This letter opened a new world to Edward on the subject of his father's intentions and circumstances with respect to himself; he was at a loss to conceive what incident there could be, which his father had so long and so closely concealed from him, which could so materially affect the Vincents, a family almost strangers to him, as to alter their decisions and arrangements.

Careless, however, of every thing but

the existence of such a circumstance, Edward himself was the bearer of the letter to the Cottage.

With what pleasing, yet melancholy ideas, did the sight of *that* cottage inspire the sanguine young man! it was under that roof he had passed the most delightful hours of his life, it was from under that roof he had stolen the sweetest girl in the world, and it was under that roof that they were soon to be reconciled.

The anticipation of this event gave him the greatest delight; he began to imagine all the scenes which would take place after their re-union, when he should enjoy the society of the angelic girl under the sanction of her mother, when he might without fear or disguise avow his attachment with an open boldness, which he had never even in his days of happiness dared to do.

The evening wore apace, and at about nine o'clock, the following note, in answer to Mr. Musgrave's letter, announced the

arrival of the Vincents at the village, its contents were these words:

"MRS. VINCENT presents her best compliments to Mr. Musgrave, she cannot say any thing upon the subject of his letter, till she has had a conference with him; the pleasure of seeing him, she shall have, if convenient, at seven o'clock to-morrow evening, either at his house, or the Cottage, which ever may suit his convenience better."

——— Cottage, Dec. 15, 180 .

If the reader has a fertile imagination, he will readily conceive the rapture with which Edward received these few words, and his pleasure was not a little encreased by his father repeating the assurances he had before given him, that the communications he should make at the meeting would be decisive, and that the result of their conversation would be favourable to his hopes and wishes.

Still, however, he could not imagine

what it could be, that was to have so much weight with them; nor how his father could have any connexion with their family; he determined at any rate patiently to wait the event, and by different stratagems succeeded in wasting the day till dinner time, without seeing Harriet, whom he concluded was confined to the house by the badness of the weather, as he had not caught one glimpse of her in the garden.

Dinner being over, Edward's heart beat for the interview, which it was settled was to take place at Musgrave's house.

It was now six—Mrs. Vincent was to call at seven, and Edward proceeded to his room to *adonize* for the meeting, in which operation he had not busied himself many minutes when a violent noise, followed by the most dreadful shrieks, assailed his ears.

What the uproar meant, he was at a loss even to imagine, and rushing down stairs to enquire the cause, judge his horror and astonishment on entering the dinner parlour, to behold the parent he had a few

minutes before left in perfect health—a LIFELESS CORPSE!!!

So it was—an apoplectic fit had seized the old gentleman, and in an instant the vital breath was gone; he had fallen from his chair, and was, when Edward entered the room, lying on the ground, the servants surrounding him chafing his temples, and rubbing his hands, endeavouring to recall departed animation; but it was all over, life had left him, and the wealth of worlds could not restore him!

Edward's distress was at first counterbalanced by his astonishment—he could not believe it possible. His misery appeared too great to be credited; but when the whole extent of his affliction burst upon his mind, madness took possession of him, force could not restrain him. He seized the cold hand of his dead father, and pressed it to his lips, caught the old man's body in his arms, and imprinted a thousand kisses upon his chilling forehead. The cheek was still warm—he felt it—he

thought his father was not dead—he pressed his hand—the hand that had nursed him, fed him, fostered him; but the old man could not feel it. He was cold—cold—cold.

The surgeon who had been sent for at this moment arrived; Edward flew to him, implored him to use his skill. He accordingly endeavoured to open a vein, but all was fruitless—it was past recalling. The soul of Musgrave had winged its flight to heaven!

Nothing could persuade the unhappy youth to leave his father's body—force alone effected the separation; and then every moment that he was left alone he would steal to the chamber door where the body lay, and call upon him as if he thought he could awaken him. For he did love his father with his whole heart and soul—He knew, he felt, his loss would be a heavy one to him.

What a reverse in one short hour!—all the prospects of a reconciliation with the

Vincents blighted—the parent he adored sunk into the silent sleep of death; and Edward, from an idolized child, transformed into an isolated being, without a relation that he knew of to protect him from the craft of the world, or the rude storms of adversity.

When the surgeon, who was the only one of the neighbours who had been admitted, advised Edward to search for a will, if there was one in existence, the wretched young man spurned at the idea, till considering that some wish of his father's with respect to his funeral might be contained in it, consented to examine his escrutoires.

Accordingly, with the assistance of the medical man, he looked over every drawer and every paper of his deceased parent; but among none of the collections could they discover the object of their search, concluding therefore that there *was* no will, they relinquished the pursuit; and Edward gave the necessary directions for the

solemn ceremony of interment, with as much calmness and resolution as he was able to command; but from the time that his father's corpse was stretched in the coffin till the hour of the funeral, never for one moment did this poor broken-hearted boy leave the bier, except when the hours denoted it was bed-time. Sleep was an utter stranger to him; he could think of nothing but his father—his only friend was gone, and he had no one now in the world who cared for him.

At length the dreadful day arrived when the corpse of Mr. Musgrave was to be lowered into the grave, the dark and narrow tenement prepared alike for peasants and for princes. Before the moment came when the attendants were to fix the coffin lid for ever over the face of his parent, Edward bedewed his cheek with the tear of unfeigned sorrow, a jewel worthy of a monarch's crown—a gem inestimable in its value.—Poor wretch of sorrow—to lose thy parent—and at such a moment too, when

the cup of happiness was lifted to thy lips!

The remark made in the early part of this volume applies here again, the contrast, if possible, made the grief more potent.

The solemn procession left the house and proceeded to the church, Edward had not courage to follow it; but as soon as the mourners returned he took an affectionate leave of them, and attended by the surgeon we have mentioned before, set off for town, whither he was called by the necessary forms of administration to his late father's property.

These he went through during the course of the next three or four days, which he spent at the house of the mother of his companion.

To describe the poignancy of his grief, or the strength of his feelings, requires an abler pen than mine; and as I am conscious of my inability to do them justice, I will avoid an exposure of my weakness by the attempt.

While, therefore, he is indulging in his woe, we will recur for a moment to Mary Williams, of whom we have heard nothing since Savage's departure from the village, in the month of May, preceding the present December.

CHAP. XIV.

What a horrid reflection must it be to a man (if he reflect at all) to consider himself the seducer of virtue, and the despoiler of innocence! such must have been Savage's feelings whenever he gave a retrospective glance at his own conduct. Mary Williams, had she never seen *him*, might have been a peaceful inhabitant of the village without one care to disturb her repose, one sorrow to interrupt her happiness.

It will no doubt be observed, that the fault was her own.—I *must* say not entirely—I am far from vindicating her conduct, not because I think her *morally* guilty, but because I am afraid of being accounted *immorally* so myself; and yet

with all my timidity upon the occasion, I am unwilling to give her up.

I know there are many elderly ladies, who curl up their countenances into a sneer of contempt at an action like this, and say they have no notion of such *vile doings*, who the next hour will retire to an appointment in the garden with a young footman, in whose solacing embraces they will find excuses for depraved vice, and systematic sin.*

But recollect, my tabbies, Mary had at least the excuses of youth and inexperience on her side; her heart was free—she gave it to Savage, who to all appearance gave his to her in return. Recollect she loved him, she was elated—they were to part the next day for a long period; recollect all this, and you will find some excuses for Mary. It was a misdeed done from the warmth of passion; she did not know the world, and therefore imagined

* Ch—t—sy.

where there were obligations on one side, there naturally would be gratitude on the other; she chose to command his affection as well as deserve it, and thus it was the unsophisticated girl yielded up *her* honor in barter for *his* love.

Let us not reproach her—the hour of retribution was at hand; she had sorrows to undergo, mortifications to endure, the man who had seduced her from the paths of virtue had quitted the only place where she could have any controul over him—he was gone to mix in the gay, the fashionable world, in parties and brilliant assemblies, where thousands of girls handsomer, cleverer, and richer than Mary, would be anxious to possess him for a husband; he would forget that she was in existence—and when he saw the countenance of beauty turned towards him with a smile, he would as naturally be attracted to it as the needle to the pole.

With these ideas Mary's heart could not be very free from pain, and if eyes speak

truth (and I am much inclined to think they do) her's told the sorrows she endured—she was sad and wretched.

She watched the hours—called on Savage—she could not sleep—she prayed—listened, thought she heard his voice—called on him again.—It was not him—it was the storm that whistled through the trees—the rain that pattered hard against her chamber casement, and yet she continued to call on him—

" Quel Rosignol, che si soave piagne
Forse suo' figli, o sua cara consorte,
Di dolcezza empie il cielo, e le campagne
Con tante note si pietose, e scorte.*

The day after the accomplished man of pride left the village, there had been a storm; the house of Mary's father had but a narrow escape—the tree that stood before the door was shivered by the lightning, and the woodbine twisted round the

* *Sonnetto* XXX. PET.

porch was blighted, killed—emblem of its wounded mistress.

Like thee sweet woodbine is the weeping maid—struck by the withering blast of desolation—alike ye droop—alike expire!

Man—man, proud lord of the creation, look here and shudder!—these are thy works---a lovely girl, all mirth, all happiness, all innocence---gone---lost for ever!---her only chance, her seducer's honor---A mighty staff for sin to lean upon!

For some weeks after Savage's departure, she retained something like her usual cheerfulness; but when two months had elapsed, and no tidings had arrived of him---not one word---one line to comfort her, she sunk into a despondency, which her father noticed; but which, as he attributed it only to LOVE, he appeared not to observe.

For hours would she sit in her room, with her hair hanging loosely over her neck, her pallied cheek reclined upon her

hand, and in her solitude, with a book, endeavour to restore her mind to its wonted serenity.

Now, reader, what book was it she had chosen?—Was it the Monk?---No!

* Little's Poems?---No!

† Moore's Odes and Epistles?---No!

The Miseries of Human Life?---No!

The Comforts?—No!

What book could it have been?

The Monk she had never read; Little's Poems never heard of; Moore's Odes had

* There is really—

"Multum in *Parvo*,"

which she must have understood!

† *Vide* EDINBURGH REVIEW, No 16.—It was this Review that gave rise to a duel between Mr. Moore and Mr. Jeffreys, the editor; the combatants met, but were prevented doing one another any prejudice, by being apprehended, and brought before the magistrates at Bow-street; where, upon examination, their pistols proved to be loaded not with balls, but with PELLETS OF PAPER.—On this ridiculous circumstance, the following epigram was founded.—

not yet contaminated her shelves; the Miseries were not known, and the Comforts not published.

How did men exist--how did the world go on before these events took place? Or what could Mary read? you shall be told, it was the Common Prayer Book.

Yes, she had sinned—she had repented—she had recourse to Religion; and she would sit for days together retired within herself, and read the Prayer Book—NOT *the service of matrimony.*

This to town-bred misses may seem surprizing, but so it was; she found repentance tread closely on the heels of vice;

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Anacreon would fight, as the Poets have said,
A reverse he displayed in his vapour,
For while all his poems are loaded with *lead*,
His pistols were loaded with *paper.*

For excuses Anacreon, Old Custom may thank,
Such a salvo he should'nt abuse,
For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank
That is fired away AT REVIEWS!!!

she turned and caught at it. Her tears were heralds from her heart to tell its reformation.

Time, fast fleeting time, rolled on, Savage was still silent; it was plain he had forgotten her—in one continued round of dissipation, at operas, balls and parties, *he* never thought of the wretched victim of his villainy.

But oh! if sin could wound her thu — if silent conscience thus could tear her heart, what pangs did the anticipation of public shame inflict!—To be a parent, and not a wife—what a horrid reflection.

Under the impression of it—she summoned resolution to write to him, and enquiring at the mansion of his father, what his address was in London, the ruined girl penned the following letter, which after some hesitation, she dispatched to her seducer.

JULY 8, 180 .

"OH, Mr. Savage, what am I to think of you? Have you completely forgotten your

poor Mary? she who lived but for you, and who sacrificed every thing for your sake? It surely cannot be—you told me to rely on your honor, I did—I placed a confidence in it—I have not surely been deceived. No, my dear, dear sir, you cannot be so cruel!

"Oh! do you not remember that evening, the last time we met? Have you entirely lost the recollection of what you said then? you told me I should be your *wife*. Yes, you *must* remember *that*.—Men, however fickle, cannot make engagements so solemnly as you did, and forget them.

"My poor heart is breaking, I cannot sleep at night for thinking of you; and not to write me *one* line, *one* single line; not to enquire once after me, what am I to think—that you are false to me? I cannot believe it.

"You did love me?—Yes, you did; my father suspects me; the girls in the neighbourhood shun me; they say

such cutting cruel things of me; and will you let a poor wretch be subject to their taunts? If you have any affection for me surely not—I would not hear a word said against you for worlds.

"If I thought you really could deceive me, I should go mad; but no—no, I will not harbour such a suspicion; and yet your silence—it is cruel at any rate.

"My God! when I recollect the things you said to me in Goodman's lane, the Tuesday evening before the Thursday that you left this, when you gave me the ring—I have got it on now.—You *did* love me then—if you did not, what villains men must be!

"But oh! my dearest, dearest sir, though all this might help to break my poor aching heart, I would not murmur though you were to marry another to-morrow, if my sorrows were all my own. If—gracious heaven, how shall I write it! If, I had not reason to suppose—yes, it is so, that I may become a

MOTHER! Consider what my good kind father will feel if it is discovered—Oh! think of that.

"I would destroy myself rather than be a torment to you; but can I? no, I have not courage enough to rush into eternity with such a sin upon my guilty conscience.

"It was you who made me the wicked wretch I am; you may restore me to society—and you will—I know your heart too well to suspect you of duplicity. If my father was to find me out he would turn me from his house; *and* if he does, where can I shelter my head? I have no friend on earth but you. Write to me therefore, dear sir, and speak comfort to your wretched constant

"MARY WILLIAMS."

To Richard Savage, Esq. Long's Hotel, Dover Street, London.

Having finished her letter she stole with it to the Post-office, and slipping it into

the aperture of the box, with the greatest precaution, lest the neighbours might be inquisitive, she returned to the cottage, with an anxious heart, to wait the return of the post, which would bring her an answer, by which her sorrows might be relieved, and her honor repaired.

But, alas! day followed day, week followed week, and not a word in reply, till the cold winds in September blew through the village, and the golden foliage was scattered on the ground; yes, it was in the early part of this month while Savage was paying his devoirs to Harriet Vincent, that at the still hour of night, when the neighbourhood was hushed and the cottages at rest, Mary Williams was turned from her father's house, by the parent who adored her; but who having once discovered her vice, disdained to shelter her another hour.

By a chain of circumstances old Williams became acquainted with the whole circumstance, and in the wind and rain of a September evening, did he shut his door

upon his child, and turn her pennyless and friendless upon the wide world!

Could a father do so? Yes, he thought it was his duty; but he was righteous overmuch assuredly; for by depriving his child of support—of friends—of home, he threw her into the paths of temptation, where lures for virtue and snares for innocence are daily open to entrap the incautious and unsuspecting; but *he* was passionate. Mary, proud, conscious of her impropriety; a word of reproach cut her to the soul; a mandate to quit the house where she was born, and in which she had closed her dying mother's eyes, needed not to be repeated; her spirit refused it—her father endeavoured to crush her, to make her despicable in her own sight—displayed her crimes in glowing colors—compared her to the vilest of her sex; she could not bear it—she fled, whither she knew not, her trembling limbs had no guide to lead them on; no friend had Mary in the wide world—no roof to cover

her—deserted by her seducer, by her father, by her fortitude, she sunk in a swoon at the foot of a tree, which stood in the centre of the village.

Ill fated girl, why did she ever listen to his prayers! He offered temptations, and talked of marriage. If, as you hear her sorrows, you can drop one tear of pity, do; for I knew her, and have spoken to her. She was a sweet girl—her only fault was *love*. Pardon her, if you are a female; for you have felt it yourself, reader, or if you have not—

"You are no maiden, but a marble monument."

To return, however, to our hero, Edward Musgrave, whom we left in town, settling the business of administration, and arranging other legal affairs; he set off from London for the village, on the eleventh day from that on which he entered it, and proceeded with his friend, the surgeon, to his late father's dwelling.

Here, naturally, every thing he saw

brought to his recollection his lost parent: the furniture recalled his customs and his manners; the books spoke in his voice, and the garden restored his very self; the trees he had planted murmured with a hollow sound, as if for grief, and the flowers he had trained seemed drooping for sorrow at his death.

After remaining some time in the house, he felt very much depressed, and thinking that an event like the loss of a parent might plead an excuse for what at another time might be termed an indecorum, he wrote a note to Mrs. Vincent, saying, "that he would, if she would permit him, call in and pass the evening with them."

Having finished this epistle, he desired one of the servants to take the note to Mrs. Vincent's.

"Oh, sir," said the man, "it's of no use at all, if I does, sir."

"Why not?" enquired Edward.

"Because, sir, Mrs. Vincent and Miss,

are gone some hundred miles off into the country."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed his master.

"Yes, sir, they set off this morning about nine o'clock."

"Where are they gone?"

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure; but I know its somewhere by the sea-side."

"Enquire, will you;" said Musgrave, "I wish particularly to know."

The man immediately proceeded to the cottage to make proper investigation as to the place of their retreat; for though he assured Edward, that they were gone to the margin of the green ocean, he was rather dubious, as he did not think the frigid month of January at all adapted for that kind of amphibious life, which people at watering places are obliged to lead.

In a short time the domestic returned with positive information, that they had taken their departure for *Yarmouth*.

"Yarmouth!" exclaimed Edward—"What can be the cause of their journey

thither? they have no acquaintance, no relations there, and to make a tour of so great an extent without some plan or purpose, at this time of the year, is an action according neither with Mrs. Vincent's prudence nor inclinations. "It is very extraordinary," thought he to himself, "and it shall be my most unremitting endeavour to discover the cause of so extraordinary an excursion."

He enquired at the Cottage; but the only domestic left was an old woman, who "really did not know why they were gone, but she believed it was because they liked it; and she knew they would not return before March or April."

"March or April!" murmured Edward, "then I must go to *them*, I cannot live from her so long, and yet how am I authorized to act so decidedly? Her mother has terminated our acquaintance, I have no right to recommence it, my circumstances are worse rather than better now, than they were at the time of her

refusal, and I have no plea, therefore, to advance—no claim to make.—We are destined to be wretched! and our efforts to avert the destiny which hangs over us are vain."

Soured by misfortune, and irritated by the failure of all his schemes, poor Musgrave sunk into a desponding melancholy, which producing a fever, confined him to his bed and room three weeks, at the expiration of which time, he determined to make a visit to London, to call upon Lord Rosemore, who, during his father's life, had promised to place him in some situation of emolument and respectability, on the fruits of which he might found something like a reason for a journey to Yarmouth, in pursuit of his Harriet.

He accordingly put his plan in execution, and having reached the metropolis, proceeded to the mansion of the noble earl, to which he received a hearty welcome from the host, who after discussing the point with him in the morning, in-

sisted upon his dining with himself, and the countess *en famille*.

Edward, considering such a visit likely to afford him an introduction to the lady, in which he might do away a little of the dislike she entertained for him, accepted the invitation, and retired to equip himself for the party.

It was now the latter end of January, and the days were exactly in that state when there is a sort of intermediate space between light and darkness, in which, though the appearance of day prohibits the introduction of lights, the approach of night calls loudly for them; and it was during this *interregnum*, that Edward dressed himself for the dinner at Rosemore's.

While he was performing the operation, a thousand circumstances revolved in his brain; he wished himself on the Norfolk coast with Harriet, and in her society would have preferred a cottage, where he might with her have shared the scanty

earnings of a hard day's labour with her, to the pompous palace he was going to without her.

In reflections on this lovely girl, and in recollections of his dear father, did he spend the hour before he set off for Berkeley-square, which he did, in a hackney coach, at a few minutes after six, and *(for him)* strange to say, he arrived at Lord Rosemore's door without any accident.

CHAP. XV.

EDWARD was announced by the servant in the hall, and his name re-echoed up the staircase to the drawing-room; having entered which, he perceived Lady Rosemore seated on a sopha near the fire, with the elegant Miss Sensitive in close conversation; Lord Rosemore standing at a window, talking politics with a man in office, and Lady Belmont, Lady Rosemore's daughter, engaged in a dialogue with Miss Wilding, a young *protegé* of the old countess, and as some said (who were ill-natured) not a very *distant relation.*

This is the worldly way of accounting for charity and benevolence, and it was after this mode people chose to judge of

the *motherly* attention of the *amiable woman* of quality to this child *of her adoption.*

Lady Rosemore nodded to Musgrave on his entrance, and her noble husband held out his hand to welcome him; he introduced him to the gentleman he was in conversation with, and at his own desire, presented him to his daughter, Lady Belmont, and her sopha companion Miss Wilding.

The party was afterwards encreased by the arrival of two or three of those wonderfully stupid young things in red coats and cocked hats, yclept officers of the Guards, they entered the room, bowed to the earl and countess; and without any sort of idea, but that of a good dinner and fine wine, sat themselves down near the ladies to enquire, whether the last night's opera was full? whether *every body* was there? who happened to be in town? what party was *in* for the night—or who opened their houses during the next week?

With such extraordinary efforts of genius as these did these veterans talk away time till the dinner was announced, and as eating was a service they preferred to fighting, they set off for the parlour in a quick march: the countess led the way; Miss Sensitive was escorted by Mr. Winslow, Lady Belmont by her father, and Miss Wilding by one of the ensigns; the rest of the party followed promiscuously, and as we shall have some reason to be better acquainted with part of the company, it will be as well, while they are descending the stairs, and arranging themselves at table, to give an account of them.

Miss Wilding, the young lady mentioned as the *chère enfant* of Lady Rosemore, is the first person to be noticed. She was turned eighteen by her own account—twenty-one by the parish register: her figure was small, not ill made, and her face, illuminated by a pair of sparkling black eyes, was that sort of face, on the seeing

which one is apt to exclaim—"Gad that's a good fine girl." Black eyes are not a thousandth part so pretty as blue in a woman (in my mind); but Fanny Wilding's eyes, for black ones, were not disagreeable; there was a something of expression which she gave to them that added to their lustre, and caught the fancies of those men who look no farther than a feature for happiness, and fancy delight to be centered in personal charms.

She was what the world calls an ANIMATED GIRL:—she would pun, throw in a jest wherever she could, affect opinions different from all the world, talk upon abstruse subjects, quote Homer to an officer of the Guards, and talk of *perpetual motion* to an *effeminate* man of fashion.

Self-opiniated, with complete *self*-possession, a sarcastic sneer, and a bewitching smile, a good person, and many accomplishments, this young woman was known as a *genius*.—She was a connoisseur in painting, an amateur in music, a perfect

dancer, an exquisite performer on the piano, and a Billington in singing.—She wrote tales and poems, published on wove paper and broad margins, in Bond-street, made designs for furniture, dressed in the most outré costume to set fashions, and, in short, was a *fine*, *dashing*, *animated* girl—and a more horrible thing is there not upon earth. Modesty and diffidence are the attributes of woman; their silence is eloquence, and their timidity conquest.

Miss Wilding did not think so, and rattled away most furiously; called one man a "horrid brute, another a vile monster," hurried over all topics but where she could raise the laugh, which she would do at any body's expense except her own.

But with all this blaze of notoriety, did any body esteem her particularly?—Was there any ONE man upon earth, who on his pillow could say—"My God! what an angel is Fanny Wilding!" Had she ever refused an offer of marriage? No! for a palpable reason—nobody ever had made

her one. She was like a fine firework, entertaining to look at, but dangerous to come too near to; her bouncing and cracking in the *open air* gave a lustre to surrounding objects, but there was not a human being who could be tempted to take the exhibition into his own house, and run the risk of burning his fingers with it. As a female philosopher Fanny would shine; but as the domestic wife—what qualifications did she possess to adorn the station? —Not one; for with all her high-flown notions, people were apt to be *ill-natured* even with her, and insinuate that she was at an early age to commence a series of gallantry. Nobody knew what to make of her; she had no acquaintance with whom she was intimate but Miss Sensitive, and *she* had formed the most enthusiastic ideas of her darling Fanny.

Miss Sensitive it will be also necessary to introduce the reader to, as materially concerned in the plots that are forming.

Miss Sensitive was one of that class of

ladies who are called virgins—only because they are unmarried, and have the epithet of *antiquity* prefixed to them, because they have been so for a very long time: in fact, she was an - OLD MAID; nobody would have thought her one to have seen her, for with a profusion of jewels, ornaments, and rouge, she had a particular knack of falling most desperately in love at particular seasons of the year.

In short she was a complete enthusiast, and wherever she took a fancy, there was nothing that could stop her career:—it was in one of these fits that Fanny Wilding had crossed her, and at the time this party took place they were the most perfect friends—sworn to inviolable secrecy, they were the mutual confidantes of each other, and like Beaumont and Fletcher, not a sonnet, a poem, a love-letter, was written or dispatched, which was not equally the production of Anastatia Sensitive, and Fanny Wilding.

Women have greater reliance on each

other than men, and a *couple of girls* shut up together alone for a week, will, before the third day of it is expired, have as completely opened their hearts to each other as if they had been intimate acquaintances all their lives.

Fanny was seated at dinner next Edward Musgrave, and pleased with his manners and conversation, she behaved towards him with less dash and *hauteur* than usual; she affected to agree with him on all points of taste, preferred Billington to Grassini because he did, thought Westall a better draughtsman than Cosway, merely to oblige him, and declared that she considered German much more harmonious than Italian, only out of compliment to Musgrave, who had asserted it as a joke.

In the evening, Edward after much persuasion took part of a duett with her—then sung alone—she did the same; produced some of her sketches, played an air of her own composition with the greatest *éclat*, and told Edward that she should be

most happy to see him in the morning, to try some difficult passages with her, and rehearse a duett for Lady Rosemore's next party. Comparisons are odious, but Edward could not help marking the difference between this *dasher* and Harriet—the one all fire and forwardness, the other all sensibility and modesty—the countenance of Fanny all animation and sparkle, the face of Miss Vincent all complacency and softness; her blue eyes beaming with a heavenly expression of kindness and affection, while the other's orbs seemed to seek the soul through the outward form.

But their manners—their dispositions: the one, like a desperate general, seemed determined to carry the citadel by storm—the other, like a cool hero of undoubted prowess, insinuated herself into the inmost heart, with such unassuming sweetness, that Reason whispered the rectitude of her possessing it; but with Fanny, rectitude and reason had nothing to do—she was a PHILOSOPHER.

In a round of ridiculous conversation did the evening pass away, and the party would be hardly a circumstance worth mentioning, but that it gave rise to incidents neither expected nor desired, and which involved the unfortunate MAN OF SORROW in fresh difficulties and distresses.

The next morning he called upon the earl by appointment, and no sooner was their business ended, than upon his leaving the library a message was delivered to him from Miss Wilding, desiring his company in her *boudoir*; an invitation which, though Edward did not much approve, he could not but accept.

Here again she displayed her powers and accomplishments, talked in a most *lively* manner of the *dead* languages, compared the descriptions of Virgil with those of Homer, spoke of the science of botany, and concluded her rhapsody by telling our hero that she would introduce him that morning to Sir Joseph Jonquil, a man of

great eminence and celebrity, who was elevated to the most dignified stations from his merit, and who was so partial to her for her erudition, that whenever he was not confined with the gout, he always called and paid her a visit every day.

Musgrave, well acquainted with the name, certainly felt no great displeasure at hearing this piece of intelligence, and the lively girl, after having expatiated largely upon his merits, finished her eloquence by observing that Sir Joseph was a sensible quiz, and she could do exactly as she liked with him: all this vivacity she had learned from Miss Sensitive, whose house was actually filled up with old poets and tabby cats. Edward's ambition to see this learned member of seventeen scientific societies did not proceed exactly from the source Miss Wilding imagined. There are several causes which excite curiosity, and so easily are the inhabitants of the civilized world caught by notoriety, that a distinguished highwayman on his way to the

gallows, will at any time attract more spectators than an unsuccessful general on his return to his native country.

It was from the same motives that urge men to go and see bulls with two heads, or lambs with two bodies, that Edward was induced to wait the coming of this extraordinary man, this knight of the Bath, this doctor of laws, this catcher of catterpillars!

This shining character, early in life, amused himself by collecting snails and perriwinkles, which he stored with great avidity, * and his little collection in the course

* An epigram of Peter Pindar's on Sir Joseph Banks, the learned president of the Royal Society, does not apply badly to *this* baronet of ours, their Christian names as well as propensities corresponding.

How early *genius* shews itself at times,
Thus *Pope* the pride of poets lisped in rhymes,
And thus the great Sir Joseph, (strange to utter,
To whom each insect eater is a fool,)
Did when a very little boy at school
Munch *spiders* spread upon his *bread* and *butter*.

of time growing to a large one, a vast number of people frequented his house, all anxious to hear him tell how he procured the wonderful natural curiosities he had brought home with him after a voyage round the world; and every body listened with mute attention, while he descanted upon sprats and mammoths, ants and elephants.

Phædrus says, and justly too,

"Nisi utile est quod facias, stulta est gloria."

But such genius as was indispensably necessary for the glorious pursuits of butterfly hunting, and stone picking, could not fail to make its way to the ears of greatness, and having done so, could not fail to meet its *just reward.*

Ribbands—stars ! ! ! orders, pensions, presidences, and the deuce knows what, were poured down in torrents upon this fungus of a philosopher, this mushroom of a man.

This rather savors of the burlesque, and seems a little to partake the spirit of

"This I do because I DARE!

Is it not ridiculous in the highest degree, that a fellow should be invested with one of the noblest honors of the state, because he can tell you that the hyacinth is hexandria monogynia?

That a brilliant star should glitter on his breast, because he can inform the world after wonderful and elaborate research, that he thinks the corrolea is campanulate, and in six segments, while the fuchsia coccinea, is octandria, and has of course eight stamens and one pistil, that its calyx is monophyllous, and that its corrolea has four petals?

Is it not ridiculous, that because he can tell this, a broad red ribbon should cross his breast, or that he should be patronized, lauded, and exalted to the skies, because he persists in dividing the race of butterflies into five phalanges, that is to say into the,

Heliconii

Equites
Danai
Nymphales
Plebeii;

And because he thinks Merian classes the Lepidopteia among moths, while Reaumur and Ray place them among butterflies?

Is it for such knowledge as this that a man is to be set over the heads of thousands who possess what Sir Joseph never did, nor never will possess, *common sense!*

On such caterpillar catchers as these, French artists, and Italian squallers, are the goods and honours of our nation lavished, while the wisest members of the community, the bravest men in our army and navy, are starving for want of employment and food.

"Jampridem Syrus in Tiberem defluxit Orontes
Et linguam et mores.

Such were Edward's sentiments about Sir Joseph, but yet his *name was up*, and

as a young man, he wished to see him,—a fop with a wig and whiskers, painted in the cheeks, and perfumed through ten waistcoats, without ten grains of common sense, or common decency, may by the very actions which render him ridiculous, render himself conspicuous; even a beggar on crutches in the public streets, by adopting a peculiar style of dress, is immediately recognized by name, modelled by artists, pourtrayed by engravers, and followed by the rabble.

This knight companion, however, was expected for a long time, and yet did not arrive; Miss Wilding grew impatient, and at three o'clock sent a message to his house to enquire the cause of his absence from Berkely-square.

At first a fear of illness pervaded the acute feeling Fanny, Miss Sensitive's eye sparkled and winked with apprehension.

"Gracious heavens," said she, in a tone so violently shrill, that it appeared as if she wished to get possession of Edward's heart

by breaking the drum of his ear, "I hope there's nothing happened to the darling *Jonque*, (an abbreviation of the baronet's name)—oh the dear, disagreeable beast, I should break my heart if he was to have any thing the matter with him—do you know Fan, I like the monster most amazingly."

"Oh he's a charming quiz," replied Fanny, "he is old now, but he must have been a delightful fellow forty years ago, then he must have been better able to—"

What she was going to observe, he knew not, for her eulogium was interrupted by the entrance of the servant who had been sent to his house, and who stated that it was impossible Sir Joseph could come, as he had set off in the morning for Kew, to sell some flocks of sheep by auction.

Sheep, thought Edward, sheep, cried the ladies, but so it was; the *right honourable baronet* and *knight of the bath, the president, the member of the privy council, the*

doctor of laws, was down at Kew selling sheep to the best bidders.

Here were the state-services, these were the deeds for which he was rewarded—but what a thing—an auctioneer in a red ribband, a sheep seller in a star! a king kissing the Pope's toe is nothing to it.

After this disappointment Edward took his leave, and no sooner was his back turned, than the pair of pretty ones he left behind him began to discuss his merits.

"Well, my dear little Fan," said Anastatia, "you are caught completely by that fellow, I never saw a more desperate wound than he has made in your little heart."

"Mine, my dear," replied Miss Wilding; "I assure you you never were farther from the mark in your life, your general discrimination fails you; I think I never saw an uglier, more disagreeable creature, in all my life."

"Come, come, my young satirist, not so severe," cried Miss Sensitive, "you will

allow that his eye is sensible, expressive, and animated."

"Why, yes," cried Fan, turning over some music, "his eye is not a bad one, no, no, I grant you there the man is decent."

"And," continued her friend, "his figure is not despicable."

"Oh no," allowed Miss Wilding, "there is nothing very exceptionable about his figure."

"And then his manners," said Anastatia, "are easy, his conversation lively, his disposition amiable, and his deportment graceful; you own that he draws prettily, and he certaingly sings with taste, and plays with great execution."

"Yes," drawled out Fanny, "I'll grant all that, and yet there is something more about a man than all this, necessary to gain my love—I like him very well."

"Yes, my dear," cried her confidant, "I know you do, and that something is nothing but a reciprocity of affection, you want him to love again, my dear."

"Well," replied poor Miss Wilding, "from you my dear Anastatia, there is no concealing any thing; you are my friend: and now I tell you candidly, that I will either marry Edward Musgrave, or die as pure a virgin as I am at this moment."

Miss Sensitive burst into a horse laugh, not at Fanny's virtue, but at the oddity of her wish.

"Aye, you may laugh," said she, "but I never till I saw him, beheld any man that could fix my affections; I am determined, my happiness is at stake, and he shall know it before it's long."

"Charming girl," cried Anastatia, catching her to her breast and kissing her cheek, "you are a divinity, you are every thing you ought to be; make me your messenger, I will deliver notes, letters, and appointments; I endeavoured only last week to talk over a ridiculous mother who would not let her child marry the man she loved, and it is not a month ago that I pleaded the cause of my little friend Adolphe, with a girl he is desperately attached to, who

hates him; I invited them to my house, left them alone, put out the candles *by accident*, and locked them up together; but she was resolute, and ran to an inner chamber, shut the door, and poor little Adolphe was as bad off as ever; he rang the bell to be liberated, for as he could not get in then, he saw no other opportunity of forcing her, he therefore burst into tears; I ordered her carriage, never have spoken to the wretch since, and have taken little Adolphe into my house, and pet him with as much tenderness as I do my cats."

"You are a dear delicious little creature," cried Fanny, "and you shall take a note to him to-morrow; but there seems one obstacle, you know he ran away with that little insipid creature Harriet Vincent, and would have married her only her mother caught them."

"Is that all?" cried Anastatia, "I'll settle that—stratagem must be resorted to, we'll make him jealous of her—invent stories of her flirting, and then—"

"Oh and then," exclaimed the infatuated Fanny, "he will marry me—I shall have him all to myself—I'll go to Scotland too, he shall take me there, and we'll—no we won't till after we are married," cried she, throwing herself back on the sopha, "we will so love each other—Oh, Oh—I'll write directly to him, this very moment;" saying which, she actually proceeded for pens, ink, and paper; and having procured them, she sat down, assisted by Miss Sensitive, to compose an epistle to her Musgrave.

This, gentle reader, is a copy from nature, of what the world admire, a fine, *spirited, dashing, animated, girl.*

Charming young creatures! it is *delightful* to be in their society—Impertinent, assuming, and conceited; a girl once taught to believe herself a *wit*, becomes a *shrew*, forcing remarks where they never would be sought, offering opinions where they would never be required, flirting with every young man she comes near, scan-

dalizing every woman she knows, and railing at such of her friends as happen to be absent, for the amusement of those who chance to be present: these are the principal accomplishments of one of these amiable characters. Flippant and ridiculous as daughters, they become vicious and contemptible as wives, and by displaying an utter contempt of rule, decency, and decorum, prove to the world the *strength of their spirits, and the brilliancy of their animation.*

Miss Wilding, it seems, had formed a rash and hasty attachment to Musgrave; poor fellow, even good to him is evil; and what might to another young man have been a flattering circumstance, was to him the most distressing one.

Ignorant of his having been unfortunately so *lucky* as to make a conquest, he repaired to the hotel where he lived, and according to a desire of Lord Rosemore, the next morning waited upon a nobleman of high rank with a letter of recommendation.

CHAP. XVI.

The young ladies, at least Fanny and her unmarried friend, waited very anxiously for the arrival of Musgrave the next day, whom they knew was expected, but finding him later than they imagined he would be, Miss Sensitive sent to her house to desire her favorite Adolphe to come to her immediately.

Fanny at first could not discern the purpose of this message or request, but on the arrival of the little beau, she was soon satisfied, for Miss Anastatia, when he came to the Square, immediately instructed him what part to play.

He was taught to call in at Lady Rosemore's for Miss Sensitive, during the time that Edward was to be there, and they then

tutored him how to act; he was in the course of conversation to enquire about the Vincent's, and to state that Harriet was on the eve of marriage, and Miss Anastatia and Fanny were to corroborate his assertions.

The plot being properly arranged, the two ladies sat themselves down to ruminate upon its effects, till the unfortunate victim of their plans arrived.

Edward proceeded in the morning to Lord Glenstore, a man very high in the administration, (which, however, did not indicate any superiority of talent,) he was a Scotch peer, needy and avaricious, risen from a situation of no consequence, by a chain of lucky circumstances, to a title.

This nobleman had a vast range of patronage, and possessed the power of bestowing more places and offices than any of his party; he, however, did not consider it necessary *to throw away* the good things of fortune, and therefore made a point of answering all advertisements in

newspapers, from persons in want of situations under government, made appointments with the party, pocketed their money, put them in possession, and got praised for his impartiality and liberality.

When Edward called upon him, the name of Rosemore being mentioned, he was admitted immediately to the great man's presence, and having been graciously received, took a seat till his lordship had settled some business he was then occupied with.

A person of his acquaintance had introduced a friend of his to his lordship's house and table, where finding himself treated with the greatest hospitality, he made a point of repairing very frequently to enjoy good company, and what is a much more enlivening thing, good Champagne.

His acquaintance and intimacy encreased with the noble earl, till one day taking his dinner *tête a tete* with him, the steward produced a bill from a tradesman,

for three thousand five hundred pounds; Lord Glenstore immediately took a pen and wrote a note at two months for the money.

Having done this, as he was doubling up the note in a letter, he reached his hand over to his *friend*, and told him he wished he would indorse the bill, as it would give it greater weight in the city, where his name was well known.

The other, seeing the state of his household, and knowing his lordship to be one of that glorious and ever memorable administration who sent out an expedition to South America, never even entertaining a doubt as to the perfect security of the bills, or the certainty of their being paid, without hesitation signed his name upon the back of them.

The *noble* lord, finding the scheme succeed, told his *dear* companion, that as he had done that for him, perhaps he would be so kind as to repeat the favor on the back of another, for three thousand pounds more.

Actuated by the same feelings towards his host, and satisfied of his honour, he again put his name to another bill which the earl locked up in his escrutoire, and the evening past off with the greatest conviviality.

At the expiration of the term which the bills had to run, the honest citizen was somewhat surprised at being applied to for six thousand five hundred pounds, as the amount of two notes endorsed by him, and drawn by Lord Glenstore at two months.

He told the holders of these notes that he had nothing in the world to do with it, that he really could not pay the sum.

To which the creditors replied, they had much greater reliance on him than on his noble friend, and therefore they hoped he would excuse their arresting him for the money, which they accordingly did, and removed him before night, to the terrific palace of the law, in St. George's-fields.

The person in the library, when Musgrave was admitted, was a messenger dis-

patched from the unhappy gentleman in durance vile, to intreat the earl's interference.

This request, however, the great and glorious minded peer could not possibly comply with, and after desiring him not to trouble his lordship any more about the business, with a consciousness of having sent a friend to the King's Bench prison, he took his seat upon the King's *Bench* of administration.

> " Nullane perjuri capitis, *fraudisque*
> " Nefandæ Pæna erit ?"

It is to be feared not; for though Justice is blind—

> " Yet Justice 'tis known
> " Can see through a mill-stone,
> " If bribed with an Abraham Newland."

The redoubted Glenstore received Edward with great affability, and, with the best grace in the world, promised to do every thing in his power—asked for his

address—sent his love by him to Lord Rosemore, and parted with our hero at the door of his study, with the most obliging affability and kindness.

Edward proceeded to Berkely square, and having been closetted with the master of the house, on his retiring, received a second summons from Miss Wilding's servant to her boudoir, whither he accordingly followed the man.

Their salutations were extremely friendly; her manners particularly lively, Miss Sensitive remarkably witty, and the trio over a three o'clock luncheon of fowls, wines, &c. &c. &c. began according to their usual custom, to cut up reputations with their meat, and destroy characters with their liquor, till at length by artful insinuations Miss Vincent's name was mentioned.

"Oh!" cried Fanny Wilding, "I was prodigiously unlucky in not being at home when Lady Belmont was married, I lost the party down at the village; and I,

therefore, lost the pleasure of being introduced to Miss Vincent."

"It is a pleasure you will not have then now;" said Anastatia.

"Why not?" enquired Fanny, with pretended ignorance—"Why not, child!" replied her confederate—"Why, she is to be married next week to a Captain—Captain —— Psha, what is his name?"

"Miss Vincent married, madam!" said Musgrave, "I fancy not!—I rather imagine you to be mistaken."

"Oh! dear no;" said Miss Sensitive. "My good sir, I know several of the man's acquaintance, who she has just consented to marry. He is heir to a title, and seven thousand a year."

"Good God! you surprize me," exclaimed the agonised Edward—"this is the first I have heard of it."

"Pray," continued she, turning to Adolphe, who at this moment entered the room, "Do you know who Miss Vincent is going to be married to?"

"To Captain Missenden," replied Adolphe.

"Are you quite sure of what you say, sir?" asked Edward.

"Quite, sir," replied he, "perfectly sure, I know him, and he mentioned your name, as having heard it from Miss Vincent, who, he said, had behaved very shabbily to you, in suffering your addresses; for she told him that you had behaved very ill to her, and that she could not even bear to hear you spoken of."

"This, sir," said Edward, "is rather a subject of too delicate a nature to be spoken of in the way you have mentioned it; and I am sure these ladies will excuse my taking my leave immediately; indeed, the news has not rendered me fit companion for any body but myself!"

He immediately rose to depart, the ladies pressed him to remain where he was; but this he refused, and having left their presence, cursed his ill stars at having lost the only girl he ever could love!

"But was she a jilt?—No, that could not be—was the report true?—yes, it must be.—How was he to act?—he would go to them, and discover the real case." This was his final determination, and he was not easily drawn from a resolution once made; for at eight o'clock he stepped into the *Yarmouth* mail, and set off for the town, which contained all he held dear in the world.

Distracted, distressed, and miserable as usual, our poor disconsolate hero felt himself flying, as it were, to the arms of a girl who, if all he had heard was true, had already forgotten him, and who had never loved him.

This he was obliged to doubt; he knew, he was certain she *did* love him once, and his only fears were, that her mother, convinced of the advantages likely to arise from the match, proposed with this Captain Missenden, had forced her child to accept him, and had actually removed her

into the country from *his* power, or that of any body else, who might feel inclined to rescue beauty from oppression, and innocence from tyranny.

With a head distractedly full of horrid ideas, and a heart that sunk at every step the horses took on the road, Edward at length reached the spot, where all was to be decided that could constitute his happiness, or misery through life.

He enquired for the best inn, and was conducted to the Wrestlers, which is near the market-place, and faces the old and spacious church.

Finding himself weary and uncomfortable, he retired to a bed-chamber, and throwing himself down upon the bed, fell into a profound sleep, from which he was roused by the ringing of the church bells, whose reiterated peals rattled through the air, and announced some event of joy at hand.

"What is the occasion of all this ring-

ing?" said Musgrave to a waiter who entered his room, "Is there any news arrived?"

"No, sir—no news," said the waiter, "its only a wedding, sir—that's all, the gentlefolks have been breakfasting here, and they are gone to Leostoffe to dinner."

"What is the name of the gentleman?" enquired Edward.

"I don't know, sir, really," said the waiter; "for as the lady that has been living here for sometime—a Mrs. Vincent, sir—"

"Vincent!" exclaimed Edward—"My God! is it possible?—then it is true, and here will I end a life of sorrow and misfortune."

Saying which he seized a razor from his dressing table, and would have instantly destroyed himself, if the waiter had not snatched it from his hand, and preserved him from danger.

"It is all over!" exclaimed Musgrave,

I cannot live—she is gone—she that I have loved best on earth!—but," continued he, "it is not too late to follow them—no man shall ever enjoy the possession of her!—*I* alone will be her husband, and I will pursue them, challenge and destroy the villain who has torn her from me; and force her as a prize in triumph from him! which way did they go?"

"To Leostoffe, sir," replied the man—"but, for heaven's sake, sir, don't follow them—what's past cannot be recalled, sir, and you'll get yourself into some trouble."

"Silence, sirrah!" cried Musgrave, in a voice of thunder—"Let these things of mine, and this trunk, be sent to London by the mail to night—I shall leave this immediately."

Saying which, he walked into the town, where enquiring of a boy the way to Leostoffe, he pursued it with unwearied activity.

He traversed the road without being

conscious of the distance, and on reaching the place, he determined not to enquire for them by name, for fear of a discovery; but having searched all the inns and having burst in upon a party, who were preparing for dinner, without success—he ordered a post chaise, and more than ever fallen, lost, and sunk, he returned to the metropolis, an outcast being; for his Harriet had forgotten him, and was married to another.

Can woman be so fickle! Unhappy wretched MAN OF SORROW, thy life has nought of sunshine to illume its rays, grief and care have set their stamp upon thee; and if it be possible, woe still heavier than the past now awaits thee!

VALE—VALE—VALE.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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